

THE American Girl

AUGUST 1949

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THE American Girl

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VOLUME XXXII

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NUMBER VIII

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Girl Without a Country?

by

Ruth Adams Knight

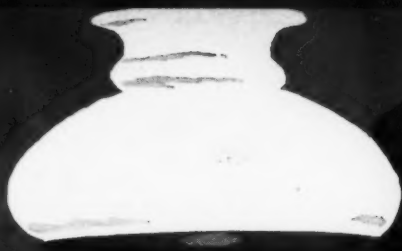
THE YUSUKIS were home again, and Rosebud Yusuki's heart was almost bursting, she was so happy.

It was true their place didn't look much the way it had when they'd left it. The people who had lived in it while her family was away had been warworkers and had had no time for anything else. The wagon-trail road that led to the house from the highway had almost disappeared. The gardens hadn't been touched, and weeds had flourished. The house itself needed repairs. The door was sagging on its hinges, a board was missing on the back porch, and the paint was weatherbeaten. But all these details would yield quickly to her father's energetic attack, Rosebud was sure, the way the interior had to her mother's scrub brush and broom.

They would all pitch in and help, even Joe. Joe was at home to stay now. His hospital pallor was disappearing gradually. If they were patient, the doctors had said, one day he'd be almost the way he'd been before he went away—before they'd all gone away.

It couldn't be forgotten too soon for Rosebud, even though she hadn't minded the relocation camp as much as some of the other girls had. She had been small when it had begun, and now she felt quite grown up. She was

Joe's black eyes looked straight at her. "You can see it now," he said.



Home again! Rosebud's heart was bursting with happiness—until she realized . . .

pretty, sturdily built in spite of her name, with shining, dark eyes and a shy little face that had kept a cherry-blossom delicacy about it. She looked as if she had stepped out of an exquisite Japanese print.

THEY had lived in the country on their small truck farm. Rosebud's father was an expert gardener. The house was in the center of his land. The windows shone, the curtains were always crisp and fresh, the floors scrubbed. They had thought it a fine house and were very happy when they came back to it at the end of the day.

They had been a busy family. Joe didn't want to be a gardener. He'd worked in a big factory. But he'd helped his father after he came home at night. They'd stand outside the back door, usually speaking Japanese, which Rosebud hadn't understood too well. Joe kept putting in English words because, he'd said, their father and mother ought to use them, too, to be really American. They had both tried, but the only American word Joe had been able to teach their grandmother to say was "Nuts!"

Joe had had many friends in the neighborhood, and so had Rosebud. She had gone to the same little school from the time she started, and she loved it. The girls in her class all belonged to a club. They had regular meetings, served refreshments, and even had pins with the letters O.C., which stood for *Our Club*, to show they were members.

The end of it had been swift and sudden. It had come on a Sunday afternoon. Rosebud had been reading and Joe had been listening to his little radio in the living room. Then all at once a man's voice had broken into the program, talking in a queer, solemn tone. He hadn't spoken long, only a few sentences. Joe had let out a shout, "Jeepers!" When she ran to see what had happened he'd had the queerest expression on his face and was twisting

the dial of the radio frantically from station to station. "What was it, Joe?" Rosebud had demanded. "I didn't hear what the man said."

Joe's black eyes had looked straight into hers. "He said the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor," he had told her. "Boy, are we in it now!"

The whole family had sat around the radio the rest of the afternoon, waiting for more news. Joe still looked strange, their father excited and unhappy, and their mother bewildered.

"Could it be a mistake, Joe?" Rosebud asked soberly.

"You heard what they're saying on all the radio stations."

They stared at one another. At last Rosebud whispered, "Joe—then—there'll be war—war between America and Japan?"

"War," Joe repeated. "War."

After a while he had gone to town, driving their rickety old car. When Rosebud saw him next he had on a uniform.

The days that had followed were a kind of blur to her. There were many rumors about what was going to happen. For the first time in Rosebud's life there seemed to be a dividing line at school between the girls who were Japanese and those who were not.

"What do you think of your old emperor now?" Sally Hayes shot at Rosebud one day at recess.

"My emperor?" repeated Rosebud. She looked completely bewildered. "He isn't my emperor. I'm an American."

But if he was not her emperor he *was* her grandmother's. The old lady broke into voluble Japanese, based upon her life-long conviction that the emperor could do no wrong. If Pearl Harbor had been attacked, it must have deserved it, she declared. Joe, listening, gave a rueful grin.

"It's a good thing most folks around here don't understand Japanese," he had observed grimly. "Those aren't ideas that ought to be aired in a hundred per cent American family."

His confused and loyal parents did what they could. Japan was long ago and far away, and loyalty to it had been super-

Illustration

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Illustrated by PAUL BURNS

sed by a much deeper devotion to the wonderful land of their adoption, but its memory still stirred their affection. No matter what they had been, they tried to explain to the angry grandmother, they were American now. What America required them to do to prove that fact, they must do willingly.

What America required them to do became clear very quickly. The presence on the West Coast of any Japanese constituted a danger to themselves and to their country, they had been told. They must leave at once, go with hundreds of others to a relocation camp until the war was over. When Rosebud's father, his face white with desperation, asked how long that would be, a wearied official could only shake his head. Only heaven knew that, he told them.

They hadn't been able to take much with them. Clothes, bedding, pots and pans, the few things they could carry to make the grandmother more comfortable. Rosebud remembered the hasty packing, the confusion, the mounting uncertainty that was almost fear, the endless questions and reports, the papers to be signed, the credentials to be secured.

The first night in the relocation camp had been sheer horror. Cold, in a pouring rain that had turned the roadways into a sea of mud, the little family searched for a long time for the cubicle they were to call their home. When finally they found it, stilled the grandmother's shrill protests, and huddled—miserable, frightened, bewildered—on the bare planks of the shelter, Rosebud looked at her parents' faces and found her pain too deep for words.

"No one questions your patriotism," they'd been told over and over again, as they went through the endless official procedures. "We know you are loyal. This is as difficult for us as for you. But this is *war*. These rulings must be complied with."

But if no one questioned their loyalty, why were they here? After the first difficult days Rosebud had figured out the answer. Even while she stood endless hours in line to get supplies, or carried heavy buckets of water from the distant

faucet, or tried to make presentable a room that never could be other than bleak and hopeless, she knew. Since there was a war to fight, everyone would have to fight it, though each in a different way. This was hers.

But it wasn't easy. When Joe came, as he did on his infrequent furloughs, he was like the sun at midday, full of wisecracks and funny stories about life in an Army camp, giving them a sense of security that warmed them long after he went whistling down the muddy road. But Mr. Yusuki worked in the big celery beds from duty now, not pride in his product; and Mrs. Yusuki could find no sense of home in the rough boards of her new dwelling place. Even the school held little joy for Rosebud. The pupils were all homesick, no matter how they tried to conceal it.

IT WAS when Joe stopped coming that things grew really bad. He hadn't told his father and mother the furlough was his last, but there had been something in his manner that had warned Rosebud. He had been more than usually gay, but he'd mentioned casually at the last that they were going on maneuvers. He might not be out again for some time, but they mustn't worry. And inside Rosebud's head something had said clearly, "Joe's going overseas!"

Fear came up into her throat and choked her. Oh, don't let anything happen to Joe—

It had been a long while before they had found out where he was. By then her mother had ceased to smile at all. After that, the gray days were all alike. By the time unconditional surrender was fact, and not a demand in the hearts of the democracies, Rosebud wasn't a child any longer. Her bright giggle still broke out occasionally, but for the most part she was grave beyond her years. There were weeks when she didn't smile at all—those weeks when Joe was reported missing.

The old grandmother had sat all (Continued on page 40)



MOTHER! You didn't!"

Deborah Carson stared at her mother with horrified eyes.

"Yes, I did, Debby," her mother said calmly. "What's so terrible about it? Mrs. Dyer and I are close friends through our Book Club. I knew how disappointed you were because you didn't have a date for the Prom, and I'd heard Mrs. Dyer say that Jack was going stag. So I phoned her and asked if Jack would take you. She said he'd be glad to."

"Oh, Mother!" moaned Deborah. "What if she is your friend? I hardly know Jack—just at school a little bit. What will he think of a girl who has to have her mother get a date for her?"

"He won't think anything." To Deborah's sensitive ears, her mother's voice sounded a little less sure. "It isn't as if you don't generally have dates. It happens to every girl once in a while."

"I won't go, Mother. I can't!"

"Yes, you will. Run up and take your bath—and don't worry. You look charming in your new formal."

Half an hour before, Deborah had thought that nothing could possibly be worse than staying home from the Junior Prom. But this *was* worse. It was like a nightmare. In the beginning, she had assumed that of course she would go to the Prom. But Howey Painter, who might have asked her, had sprained an ankle at the track meet; Dick Forester was taking an out-of-town girl who was visiting his sister; and Chuck Gray had gone off with his father on a fishing trip.

Somehow Deborah stumbled through her bath and choked down her dinner. Even putting on the blue eyelet-embroidered formal failed to erase the unhappy feeling around her heart. She piled her copper curls on top

of her head and pinned them carefully, the little rhinestone butterfly on top. Her mother hovered about, anxious and unhappy.

The door chimes sounded.

Her mother caught her hand and squeezed it. "I'm sorry, Debby."

Deborah squeezed back. "It's okay. I'll be down in a minute."

On the way downstairs, a new and terrible thought struck her. Everybody at the dance probably would know before the evening was over that her mother had had to arrange a date for her. Would she ever live it down?

Jack was waiting in the living room. He stood up when she came in—very handsome, very polite, and very distant.

"Hello, Deborah."

"Hello, Jack."

If only she could vanish from the earth in a puff of smoke, like a genie.

He handed her a corsage box. "I didn't know what color flowers you'd want. Is white all right?"

"Thank you. They're lovely."

They *were* lovely. White camellias with little drops of water glistening on them.

It wasn't any better when they were outside, alone.

"Nice evening," Jack said, helping her into the car. His voice was cold, impersonal.

"Yes, isn't it?" They drove on in silence.

Deborah stole a glance at his profile. It looked stern and unfriendly. We can't spend a whole evening like this, she thought desperately. She stared at the dashboard, gathering her courage.

Debby thought she'd rather sit at home than to go to the Junior Prom with a date cooked up by her mother and Jack's



By Lou Hampton

Illustrated by

SYLVIA HAGGANDER

Date for Deborah

"This is probably," she said distinctly, "the most horrible thing that ever happened to me."

Jack jerked to immediate attention. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't know my mother was going to do this—ask you to take me tonight. It was partly my fault, though," she added loyally. "I made such a fuss because I didn't have a date that she thought it mattered to me more than it did."

It was hard to say things like this to a boy, particularly to a boy who hardly knew you, but she felt they had to be said to make things right again.

"Well, I'll be darned!"

Jack drove over to the curb, stopped the car, and turned toward her.

"I didn't understand," he said. "I supposed that—well, that you coaxed your mother into it."

"Oh, no!"

"I sure read Mom the riot act for making a date for me without asking me first!"

"I know exactly how you felt," Deborah assured him. "Will you take me over to my aunt's house and leave me? I'll call my dad later and ask him to come after me."

"I will not!" Jack's voice was warm and friendly now. "We'll go—and we'll have a swell time."

"It isn't so easy," Deborah protested. It wasn't hard to talk to him now. "All my friends will know it's some kind of a cooked-up deal—"

Her voice shook a little.

"I didn't think of that," Jack answered with some embarrassment. "I even told one of the fellows—Bob Roberts—how I felt about it. I was sore, and I didn't realize—" He was silent for a moment. Then, "Look," he said, "the joke's on somebody, and I guess it's us. But if we act as if we like it, nobody's going to care. My dad always says, 'It doesn't matter what happens to you; it's how you take it, that

counts.' We'll just admit the truth and say we like it. We can carry it off, can't we?"

Almost the first person they met at the dance was Bob Roberts. "Hi, Bob!" Jack said. "What do you think of my cute chick? You know Debby Carson, don't you?"

He looked proudly at Debby, "Mom picked her out. Some picker, isn't she?"

Deborah smiled up at him—a gay, provocative smile. "Wait a minute! My mother had something to do with it, too!"

"Just like a girl; try to hog all the glory. Come on, let's check your coat and catch this dance. We'll fill our program later."

It was easy after that, and fun. Deborah had plenty of partners and Jack kept a good share of the dances for himself. There was only one bad moment—in the dressing room, just before they started for home. Marj Tucker came up to the mirror beside Deborah.

"What's all this about your mother?" she wanted to know. "How did you happen to come with Jack Dyer, anyway?"

Deborah was on her own now, with half a dozen girls listening. "Believe it or not," she answered lightly, "all unbeknownst to either of us, our mothers dated us! Shades of the nineteenth century!"

The girls laughed.

"Corny, but cute," said Marj.

Deborah breathed a sigh of relief. They were laughing with her, not at her.

When they reached home, Deborah invited Jack in for a piece of cake. She poured two tall glasses of milk to go with it.

"It's been a very nice evening, Debby," he told her seriously.

"Only because you were such a good sport," she answered warmly.

Jack raised his glass.

"To our problem parents," he toasted. "May all their mistakes turn out so well!"

Smiling at each other, they drank the toast.

THE END

Deep-Sea Zoo

by
Georgia Cranston

PEOPLE threw up their hands and said it just couldn't be done. An aquarium in which all kinds of ocean fauna were housed together! Why, the creatures would devour one another, until only a few of the largest and most powerful would be left.

But W. Douglas Burden, trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, Ilia A. Tolstoy (grandson of the great Russian novelist and a well-known explorer in his own right) and a few other interested people said it could be done. It would give the public a chance to observe sea life, photographers to make graphic records of it, and, most important of all, scientists to study and investigate it at firsthand.

As the site for their undertaking, this group of men chose a spot on the Atlantic Highway, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine, Florida. On a highway used by thousands of tourists, it would be convenient for sightseers, and its location beside a semitropical ocean would make available a variety of interesting sea fauna. Here, on June 23, 1938, a crowd of thirty thousand persons gathered to celebrate the opening of Marine Studios, which is the world's first—and still its only—oceanarium.

Today, visitors to the studios aim to arrive in time for one of the three main feedings, and to find a stand at the railing which surrounds the top deck of one of the enormous tanks—the round one, devoted largely to the bottle-nosed dolphins, also known as porpoises. We like to ask questions, so we take our place beside the guide.

The dolphins are already excited. Poking their long noses out of the water, they press toward a small platform from which an attendant is going to feed them. Promptly at eleven, the attendant steps to the end of the platform, lowers a bell into the water, and rings it. The dolphins hear, or feel, the vibrations and learn to associate them with food, and at once they begin to steal the show. The attendant holds a fish seven to eight feet above the water. A dolphin leaps vertically to take it from his hand, then throws himself back into the water

To bring the specimens back alive, a barge—containing a deep salt-water well—is used. Thus, they are never out of water

Marine Studios



Come along to Florida to the world's one and only oceanarium! It's the place where

The octopus, with eight long tentacles and big popeyes, can change color so that he's almost perfectly camouflaged

American Museum of Natural History



Marine Studios



The diver carries a wire basket from which he feeds fish to the hungry dolphins. Here he gives one a friendly pat

with such a splash that visitors jump away to avoid a shower.

The dolphins do not snap their jaws, nor do they quarrel. They are ladies and gentlemen. This is one reason why many naturalists do not call them by their other name, "porpoise," which means "hogfish."

"How can he do that?" we exclaim when a big dolphin sustains his whole body upright out of the water for several seconds. "It looks as if he were standing on his tail."

"He is, in a sense," explains the guide. "He's supporting his four hundred pounds by the rapid motion of his

sight-seers, scientists, and photographers gather to meet fascinating sea creatures

By the rapid motion of his powerful tail, the agile dolphin can support himself out of water for a matter of seconds

Marine Studios



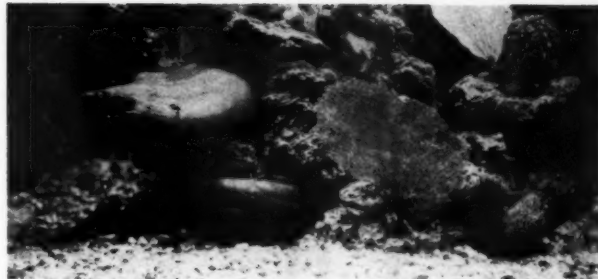
New York Zoological Society



The fascinating little sea horse rests by twining his tail around a blade of seaweed, swims in an upright position

unusually strong and powerful tail in the water." "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" come from the crowd, and the cameras click.

When this feeding is over, we hurry to take our stand before one of the two hundred portholes that pierce the sides of the tank, permitting us to see what goes on under water. A small man in a black diving suit walks with slow, cautious steps around the floor of the pool, a stream of silvery bubbles rising from under the cape of his helmet, and the long air hose trailing after him. In his left hand he carries a wire basket from which he takes fish, one at a time, and hands them to the dolphins which



New York Zoological Society

Look hard and you'll see four Moray eels in this photo! Uncanny, bright-hued creatures, they're called "rattlesnakes of the deep"

crowd around him, nosing gently at the fish basket. The diver pats one of them gently.

Dolphins are among the world's fastest swimmers, with a speed up to fifty miles an hour. These are in constant motion, swimming, diving, somersaulting, all with streamlined ease and grace, and every few minutes rising to poke their noses out of the water.

"Why do they keep poking their heads out of the water?" asks someone.

"See those holes in the tops of their heads?" replies the guide. "They breathe air through them, and they must have air about every two minutes or they smother. Like the whale, they bring forth their young alive and fully formed, and suckle them just as other mammals do. See that small dolphin over there, just a little behind and below the big one? That's a baby and his mother. He and a baby girl, named Spray, are the only living dolphins born in captivity."

In spite of their size and strength, dolphins are gentle and playful, with a sense of humor and a love of practical jokes. We watch one playing with an enormous turtle, pressing him down. Each time we think, "Oh, that one will mash him!" But the dolphin seems to know just how far to go without hurting. The turtle offers no objection; in fact, we imagine that we see the faintest sign of a smile on his usually expressionless face.

The guide then directs us along a corridor to the second tank, a huge rectangular one. Since it is not necessary, here, to keep the way clear for the agile dolphins, we find the water teeming with life. Man-eating sharks and barracuda move slowly among schools of gentle porkfish, angelfish, and even tiny minnows. Savage, flat, manta rays, dragging their deadly, ratlike tails behind them, flap their way across the floor of the tank. There are several thousand specimens in this tank, and to observe a few of them we again find (Continued on page 27)

The enormous round tank is devoted largely to the bottle-nosed dolphin or porpoise. At feeding time, visitors crowd the gallery

J. Carter Harris



Journey for Pat

Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG

by
Frances Fitzpatrick Wright

CONCLUSION

GOING up in the elevator I kept a dead-pan face. And when I was safe inside my own room, with the door locked, I reread the letter. The envelope had "Camp Nokomis" and the initials "M.C.H." on the flap, so I'd known right away who had sent it. It said just what I was afraid it would say:

Dear Patricia,

I have received your application and am happy to inform you that we shall be glad to have you come to Nokomis on the same terms as last year, to act as assistant to our new riding instructor. Your work last year was highly satisfactory, and the girls liked you.

We shall be expecting you Monday, June 13, and someone will be at Mayfair Station to meet the 4:30 P.M. train, which provides you the best connections for the trip.

Regards and best wishes,
MARY CALHOUN HOLLAND

Ye gods and little goldfishes! I give you my word, Camp Nokomis had not once crossed my mind from the minute the Sawyers had phoned they were not going until I was handed Mrs. Holland's letter in the hotel lobby. Mother had forwarded it without knowing that I had written to camp.

I crumpled the letter and dropped it in the wastebasket. I didn't dare tell Lucy Ellen and Harry, for fear they would take me to the railroad station and put me on a train for Tennessee. I couldn't bear the thought of having my visit with Janie snatched away like that, just to teach riding lessons for my board and keep. But my conscience hurt me, because I had asked for the job. I had the feeling that Mrs. Holland would be very angry if I failed to show up. She would think I was an undependable person. Ordinarily I keep my promises, but this time my wires had crossed.

I decided that the best thing to do was to send her a telegram, and I wrote it out on the Western Union blank I found in my desk drawer.

SORRY CANNOT COME MONDAY. UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED HERE. LETTER FOLLOWS.

But after I read it over, I tore it up. It wasn't really true, and I make a practice of telling the truth.

I bathed and changed my clothes, and went down to join Lucy Ellen and Harry for dinner. I tried to look as nonchalant as possible. The meal was super—steak and mushrooms, and



We talked until nearly dawn, and then Janie fell asleep. But I sat up in bed, wide awake, worrying about that letter from Mrs. Holland

apple pie à la mode—but I was so worried about the letter, I could hardly eat. In spite of my conscience, I made up my mind that I could go to Janie's home, stay three or four days, and still get to camp by the thirteenth. But riding on trains costs money, and the dire thought occurred to me that my spending money might not be enough to pay my fare from Phoenix to Nokomis.

I prayed that night that I could get out of going back to camp without telling a lie, and without being dishonorable in any other way. Then I crawled into bed and fell asleep.

When Lucy Ellen waked me the sun was shining, and Harry was whistling and splashing in the big connecting bath between our rooms. Lucy Ellen looked fresher than a daisy.

She said, "Let's get going, Pat. This is the day we're lunching in Juarez. Isn't it fun to travel?"

"Yes, oodles," I answered with forced enthusiasm. The letter was still hanging over me like the dead albatross in "The Ancient Mariner." Life is very carefree for some people, and for others just one dire situation after another.

WE GOT to El Paso about noon, parked our car at the bridge, paid our penny toll, and walked across into Mexico. We went to a restaurant Harry knew about and had wonderful food. At the next table was a very gay Mexican family. Even the grandmother was laughing merrily. The mother got up and danced with the son. The father told a funny story to the two little girls, illustrating it with gestures, and noises like a train



whistle, a rooster crowing, a dog barking. I wished I could take life easy like that.

On our way back, Harry let us shop a little in the fascinating stores that lined the street. I bought a silver thimble set with tiny turquoises for Cousin Emmie; a silver bracelet for Mother; some beads for Aunt Susan; a sombrero for Tommy. I wanted to buy a bridle decorated with silver for Father, but it cost too much. I got him a wallet instead.

Harry hustled us to the car, and pretty soon we were bowling along the highway again. It was about nine o'clock that evening when we rolled into Phoenix, and Harry went to the Westward Ho, which is strictly swank.

When we got upstairs I called Janie, and she simply shrieked with excitement. "Pat Downing!" she cried. "I can't believe it!"

Her voice was nice and deep, but decidedly brisk and Western. For a minute I felt shy, as if she were a stranger, but soon we were laughing and talking like mad. Mrs. Moore came to the phone and welcomed me and invited Lucy Ellen and Harry to spend the night, but they wouldn't.

Then Janie said she would be right over to get me. I felt a small pang at the thought of parting with Lucy Ellen and Harry, and I almost blurted out the truth about the letter, because I needed advice so much. But just then Janie arrived, and the hubbub began. We held each other at arm's length and took in all the changes.

Both of us had improved a lot since we had last seen each other. Janie is tall and striking in appearance. Her teeth look

like a tooth-paste ad, and her eyes are dark. Her skin is smooth and tanned, and her hair is blond and short.

"Janie, you look so streamlined!" I said. "I'm impressed." "You ought to have your picture on the cover of 'Holiday'," Lucy Ellen added.

"Why not 'Esquire'?" suggested Harry. "I subscribe to that."

"Phooey!" said Janie. "What about you, Pat? I'll be forced to call you Patricia. Pat won't do. It was okay when you were fat and wore braces on your teeth, but now you're slender as a willow wand and look like Lucy Ellen, you lucky one!"

We all chatted for a while, and then Lucy Ellen and Harry came downstairs with us to see us off.

We waved to them and drove off in Janie's roadster. The streets were lined with pepper trees and palms, and illuminated with rows of street lamps and a moon as big and white as Lucy Ellen's new hat.

"It's awful ritzy here, Janie," I said.

"A lot of celebrities stay here every winter," she answered, as if it was nothing to get excited about. "And lots of millionaires come for the climate. But for us, it's not very different from back home. Here we are."

She stopped in front of a nice, Spanish-type house, plastered white, with a red hibiscus beside the entrance.

"Mother and Dad are in a fidget to see you," she said, as we went into the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore greeted me warmly, and we all talked at once as they asked me dozens of (Continued on page 45)



Knox Gelatine

Made in a Mold

by Judith Miller

WHEN THE mercury soars, and you're the cook, let molded and jellied dishes come to your rescue. They're simple and quick to make, generally inexpensive (utilizing leftovers) and they come to the table cool, appetizing, and nourishing! Take your choice of tasty, jellied soups and appetizers, colorful molded salads, main-dish loaves, or delicate desserts.

Although many recipes suggest fancy molds, it doesn't matter if your kitchen is not equipped with them. Square cake pans, loaf pans, or mixing bowls are excellent for large molds. And for ease in serving, jellied mixtures can be piled attractively into serving dishes, instead of unmolding. Tea or coffee cups, glasses, custard cups, or even paper drinking cups can be used as individual molds.

When it comes to unmolding, here is a tip. Dip the mold, just to the top, for a few seconds in warm (not hot) water. Loosen around the top edge by running the tip of a small knife between the jellied food and the mold. Place a flat serving plate or platter upside down on top of the mold and hold tightly. Turn both completely over and carefully lift up the mold. This should be done just before serving.

Here are two first-course suggestions: one uses fruit; the other is a jelled soup.

TANGY FRUIT COCKTAIL

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 1 cup ginger ale |
| ½ cup cold water | ¼ cup lemon juice |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1½ cups diced mixed fruits (canned or fresh) |
| ⅛ teaspoon salt | |

Soften gelatin in cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Add ginger ale and lemon juice. Chill until mixture is the consistency of unbeaten egg white. Stir in diced fruits. Turn into one large or six individual molds, and chill until firm. Unmold and serve as first course, or as a dessert with whipped cream.

TOMATO GEL

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 2 bouillon cubes |
| 2 cups tomato juice | 1 bay leaf |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 slice onion |
| ¼ teaspoon peppercorns | ½ cup chopped celery leaves |

Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold tomato juice. Combine remaining 1½ cups tomato juice with salt, peppercorns, bouillon cubes, bay leaf, onion and celery

Molded party loaves are a big attraction at a summer buffet. Watch them disappear!

MORE RECIPES

Send for your twenty-first AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! Including more recipes for more yummy molded dishes, this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through twentieth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 35.

The binder for the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe Files may still be ordered. For information on how to get it, see page 35.

Angel Pudding, with a tasty canned or quick-frozen fruit sauce is refreshing



Best Foods, Inc.

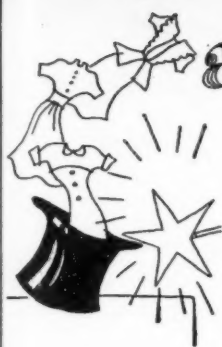
leaves, and simmer ten minutes. Strain into bowl with softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Pour into pan and chill until firm. To serve, cut in cubes, pile into bouillon cups, and garnish each serving with a wedge of lemon which has been dipped into chopped chives or parsley. Yield: 6 servings.

MOLDED main-dish loaves are ideal to serve at a buffet party. They can be made a day in advance if desired, and are as hearty as they are decorative. Here are recipes for four. If the party is a large one, you may want to make them all.

MOLDED EGGS AND VEGETABLES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 1½ teaspoons grated onion |
| ½ cup cold water | ½ cup finely diced celery |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup finely diced green pepper |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | ¼ cup chopped pimiento |
| ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | |
| Dash cayenne pepper | |
| ¾ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing | 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced |

Soften gelatin in cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. (Continued on page 35)



a way with figures



Do you long to be shorter? Taller? Thinner? Or a bit more plump? Why not borrow the magician's trick of optical illusion and let your clothes work magic for your figure? Follow the simple chart below. If you have a combination figure problem (you're tall *and* thin?) try to avoid the features in both "Not For You" columns.

by Margaret Bell

Drawings by ALDA CUMINGS

TALL	SHORT	THIN	PLUMP
Best Styles Separates Classic Suits Long jackets Skirt fullness Wide collars Wide belts Three-quarter coats Square or scooped necklines	Best Styles One-piece dresses Princess lines Short sweaters Fitted waistlines Straight skirts High necklines Full-length coats Fitted jackets	Best Styles Separates Dressmaker suits Sweater sets Soft blouses Full skirts Jumpers High necklines Boxy coats	Best Styles One-piece dresses Loose, straight jackets Cardigan sweaters Semiflared skirts V necklines Small collars Full-length coats
Best Fabrics Textured woolens Crisp cottons Crisp silks, rayons	Best Fabrics Lightweight woolens Soft cottons Soft silks, rayons	Best Fabrics Textured woolens Crisp cottons Crisp silks, rayons	Best Fabrics Lightweight woolens Soft cottons Sheers
Best Designs Large prints, plaids Horizontal stripes	Best Designs Small prints, checks Vertical stripes	Best Designs Plaids Prints	Best Designs Small, allover patterns Narrow, vertical stripes
Best Colors Two-toned combinations Multicolors	Best Colors Neutrals Dark shades	Best Colors Light shades Bright shades	Best Colors Cool shades Dark shades
Not for You Princess lines Straight skirts Long, fitted coats High waistlines Vertical stripes V necklines	Not for You Two-toned combinations Belted jackets Very full skirts Full blouses Wide belts Large bags Contrasting accessories	Not for You Princess lines Straight skirts Sleeveless tops Bare necklines Long, straight coats Vertical stripes Clinging fabrics	Not for You Two-toned combinations Voluminous coats Very full skirts Ruffles Horizontal stripes Wide belts



The Beautiful Spy

by Idella Searl



Gallant rescue of the fair spy at Shelbyville, Tenn.



The fearful midnight flight.



The treasonable toast at the Louisville Theatre.

FOR TEN DAYS the woman had been lying, sick and feverish, on a straw pallet in the dirty prison cell, fearfully awaiting the verdict of the court-martial which would either set her free or send her to the gallows. A key turned in the lock; the prison guard entered. "The court-martial of the Confederate Army has found you guilty of espionage. You have been sentenced to death by hanging."

The guard left the cell silently. Sobs shook the little figure on the straw pallet. I'm only thirty years old, she thought; I don't want to die.

Pauline Cushman, the woman who had just heard her death sentence, was born in New Orleans in June, 1833. When she was ten years old, her family—mother, father, and eight brothers—moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan, which was at that time a frontier trading post between the whites and the Indians. She grew up with stories of Indian wars, adventure, and exploration. Her playmates were Indian children, and with them she learned to swim, paddle a canoe, shoot a gun with skill, and ride horseback fearlessly.

Caravans of emigrants on their way west frequently passed through Grand Rapids. Pauline listened spellbound to their stories about the wonderful cities in the East—New York, Philadelphia, Boston. She knew then that she, too, would some day travel and see for herself what city life and city people were like.

One day, while helping in her father's store, she met Thomas Placide, manager of the New Orleans "Varieties" show. He was so charmed by her graciousness and beauty that he offered her a part in his production, and she accepted at once. All audiences loved the charming, poised girl, barely out of her teens. The critics raved about her as one of the most accomplished actresses of her time.

And then came the Civil War.

In March of 1863 Pauline was starring in a show in Louisville, Kentucky, headquarters for Confederate sympathizers in the Southwest country.

Pauline was a staunch Unionist and supporter of President Lincoln, but among her acquaintances in the town were several paroled Rebel officers. One afternoon two of these officers came to visit her at her boardinghouse. They asked her if, during the performance that night, she would give a toast to the Confederacy instead of the toast to the Union that was part of the play. As inducement they offered her three hundred dollars. Pauline suppressed her indignation, requested time to decide, then went directly to the office of the Union commandant, Colonel Moore, and told him what had happened.

He listened to her story with great interest. When she had finished, he leaned back in his

chair, his fingers tapping the top of the desk in front of him. "Miss Cushman," he began, "I do not doubt that you are a patriot. However, it would seem that the Rebels do not know this, or they would not have approached you. Now, then, there are two things that we may do, and the decision rests entirely with you. I can arrest the men, and thereby prove to everyone your convictions; or you can give the toast as they suggested, and so appear to be a Rebel sympathizer. In short, Miss Cushman, I am suggesting that you become a spy for the Union."

Pauline's eyes widened.

Colonel Moore hurried on. "As I said, it is entirely up to you. No one need know about our conversation here this afternoon. And I think that you understand what my suggestion would entail. The work would be dangerous, your friends would avoid you, and if you were caught it would mean death."

Pauline stood up. "I will have to think this out a bit, Colonel. Come to the theater tonight. You will know my decision by whether I give a toast to the Union or to the Confederacy."

That evening the theater was packed. The two Rebel officers had spread the news that something unusual might happen. Suspense hung heavy over the audience. And then came the scene in which Pauline, playing the part of an elegant moustached gentleman, always gave a toast to the Union. Tonight she held her glass high and her eyes flashed as she faced the audience. "I give you a toast to Jeff Davis and the Confederacy!"

It was the most difficult role of her career that Pauline had chosen when she decided to become a member of the Secret Service of the Union Army. One by one her friends deserted her, even crossing to the opposite side of the street when she approached, and the theater manager had to let her go when the other actors refused to appear on the stage with her. She was playing her part well. No one doubted that she was a Southern sympathizer.

Despite heartache and loneliness, Pauline worked hard to uncover Rebel plots. Often she had to disguise herself as a man and ride horseback day and night, scouting for guerrillas. Always she had to be alert, for suspicion fell easily on out-of-towners like herself.

Even in the boardinghouse where she lived she found no respite. Late one night she went to the kitchen to prepare a cup of tea, and was startled to find her landlady there. The woman seemed so distraught at Pauline's unexpected appearance that the latter became suspicious, and as she waited for the water to boil she watched the landlady's movements closely.

The next day Pauline reported her suspicions, the woman was arrested, and proved to be engaged in a plot against the Union forces. Her arrest, however, was arranged so cleverly that no suspicion fell upon Pauline.

After this incident, Pauline was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, "to give some performances in the theater there." She met Colonel Truesdail of the Union Secret Service and he outlined her next mission, which was to be the most dangerous of all.

Pauline was to cross the Confederate line, go into the heart of the Rebel territory, and gain all the information she could about fortifications, artillery, and supplies. When questioned,

she was to say that she had been driven from Nashville as a Rebel sympathizer, and that she was searching for her brother, a colonel in the Confederate Army.

Being a young, lovely, gracious girl, Pauline was welcomed in the Southern camps. Her reputation as an accomplished actress and as a violent Secessionist was well known by this time. She had no lack of escorts at the camps. The officers vied with one another to help the lovely, forlorn girl in the search for her brother.

In a few months Pauline acquired all the necessary information, and decided to return to Nashville. On the way she made several additional sketches of fortifications, which she concealed carefully between the inner and outer soles of her boots. All went

well until she neared the line, where a Confederate scout demanded to see her pass. Pauline had no pass. She related her story, which had heretofore been accepted by the highest-ranking officers. But to the scout a pass was a pass, and no one crossed the line without it.

The scout arrested her, saying that he would have to take her to General Bragg, who would decide whether she was really a Southern sympathizer, as she claimed, or a spy.

On horseback, Pauline and her guard traveled through desolate forest and swamp country for two days. All the while she watched in vain for a chance to escape. Finally they stopped in a little village to rest. The guard busied himself in conversation inside the tavern, while Pauline sat on the porch. Near by was an old Negro man who seemed to recognize her plight. After quite a while he came up to her and whispered, "Is there something I can do to help you, Miss?"

Pauline seized the opportunity joyfully. "If you were to run down the road into the village, shouting that the Yankee Army is advancing, I think that in the confusion, I could manage to escape."

The old Negro said nothing, but turned away, and limped slowly down the road and out of sight.

The village was quiet in the gathering dusk. Pauline strained her eyes, trying to see if anything was happening up the road. Maybe the old man wouldn't come back. Had it all been a terrible, ironic joke? And then she saw the old man—or rather, them, for the Negro had gathered all his friends. They now came racing through the village, shouting hysterically, "The Yankees are coming!"

Immediately the calm little village was thrown into panic. Pauline dashed to her horse and was safely out of sight before anyone missed her. She rode all through the long, moonless night. It started to rain, then to thunder and lightning. Unseen branches caught at her clothes and tore them. Though she was exhausted, she knew that she dare not stop. She passed five Rebel pickets without difficulty. To each she said that she had been caught in the storm and was on her way to her sick father. None of them doubted her.

And then she came to the last picket. She reined her horse to a stop and told her story. The picket shook his head, "I'd like to help you, Miss, but you can't go on without a pass."

Pauline pleaded with him, but he was adamant.

"Besides, you're in no condition to be out this stormy night," he added. "Better ride back to that (Continued on page 37)

Illustrations from
Culver Service



Yours Truly
Miss Pauline Cushman
H.C.



by Betty Peckham

Drawings by CLARE McCANNA

Isn't it amazing that, locked in the bathroom all by yourself with the shade pulled down to the sill, you still reveal what kind of a person you are? Bathrooms have been with us quite a while now. Do you know your way around one, or do your manners make it appear that you are as unfamiliar with modern plumbing as Mammy Yokum? Answer these questions and find out. What's right should be obvious—if you give but a thought to the comforts of others—but let your conscience be your guide as you measure your own bathroom manners.

1. Are you monopolizing the family bathroom at the peak of the rush hour, when the finishing touches to your make-up and coiffure could be added just as well before your own bedroom mirror?

2. Have you hogged all the hot water in the tank in a thirty-minute shower, so that every one else must shiver and shake under an arctic drizzle?

3. Do you spread the shower curtain inside the tub to dry, so you won't leave the bath mat a soggy mass, raise blisters on the linoleum, and loosen the plaster upon the heads of those in the room below?

4. Is your towel refolded, your washcloth hung up to dry? Are soiled clothes in the hamper? Or, when you finally unbar the door, does the room look as though a typhoon had hit it?

5. Do you remember that disposable tissues are to be used in applying and removing cosmetics? Leaving smears of cold cream, lipstick, and leg make-up on the towels makes you definitely unpopular with the laundry department.

6. Do you squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom and fold the empty part of the tube over neatly? Replace the cap?

7. Do you have your own drinking glass, or do you spread your cold throughout the family by using a common one in the bathroom?

Print your name in nail polish on the outside of a tumbler to make it yours—all yours.

8. Is your theme song "Leave the bathtub with a nice big ring around it"? Or are you careful to put to use the cloth and can of scouring powder found in every well-appointed bathroom?

9. Combing your hair into the washbowl is a social error no hostess will overlook. Are you guilty—at home or abroad?

10. And do you ever throw anything into the toilet which has even the remotest possibility of clogging it?

11. Does your personal laundry constantly festoon every inch of the family bathroom? A little—on your own rack, and removed as soon as it's dry—is perfectly acceptable. But hang those big washes out in the clothesyard.

12. If you come in after midnight, Cinderella, do you run the shower like Niagara, or practice your backstroke in a full tub while warbling the hit tune of the evening? That may fit your gay mood, but pity the rest of the household!

13. And when you go visiting, how about the guest towel? Do you dry your hands on a family towel or the window curtains to avoid using it? Remember, it was put there for you. Don't you always provide guest towels for your company?

THE END

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Photograph by
Ray Kellman

The American Girl Goes Back to School-1949

To give you that "extra-special" school cotton, we worked for weeks to develop this dress. We're proud to tag it our "Prize Purchase" of the month. It's pique and plaid, by Sunny Lee Prep, a top designer. It's of Sanforized cotton. What's more, it's low-priced—about \$6. Subteen sizes 10-14, at stores listed on page 49

Be sure to look for a "Prize Purchase" next month

Class-Mates



Drawings by **HILDA GLASGOW**
Shoes by *Friendly Teens*

POCKETS—skirt by Belle, about \$9. Classic pull-over, about \$5, by Pandora. In teen sizes 10-16, at G. Fox, Hartford

CLASSIC—Derby's skirt, sub-teen sizes. About \$6. Shepherd's nylon top, about \$5. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

CORDUROY by Crompton, Fairway skirt, about \$9. Hi-Girl sweater, about \$5, at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST, 1949



Sweaters and skirts, perennial favorites for classroom and corridor. Mix 'n match your Class-Mates for a varied school wardrobe

PLAIDS—skirt, about \$8 by Fairway, subteen sizes. Hi-Girl jumper top for teens, about \$4, at Saks Fifth, New York City

FLARES—Touraine gored skirt, subteen sizes, about \$8. Short cardigan by Selecteens, about \$6. At Wm. Taylor, Cleveland

PLEATS and buttons in a skirt by Touraine. Selecteens' cable sweater, \$6 each, teen sizes 10-16, at McCreery's, New York City

CO-ORDINATED — Derby's skirt, about \$8, and Hi-Girl's sweater set, about \$10. Teen sizes, at McCreery's, New York City



Above: Children's House accents plaid at hip, yoke, and collar of this dress. Made in Bates' broadcloth, it comes in subteen sizes 10-14, priced about \$9

Below: Paired—Dan River striped cotton and Paramount's cummerbund dress with solid-color cuffs and skirt inserts. In subteen sizes 10-14, it's about \$9



Above: There's a latticework yoke and vertical trim on the bodice of this broadcloth dress by Children's House. In subteen sizes 10-14, it's about \$11



Above: Attention-getting puff shirring is the featured attraction in a cotton-plaid dress by Peggy Daw. It's priced about \$6, and in subteen sizes 10-14

Below: Soft, scalloped, pique collar and cuffs, Empire waist, and deep pockets on Bonny Blair's plaid dress. Yours for about \$6, in subteen sizes 10-14



Above: A white-tucked bib adds freshness to this broadcloth dress with gathered skirt, shirt collar, and tiny button trim. For subteen sizes 10-14, about \$8

The Cotton Class

Below: Back-belted coat dress, a Dell Town fashion, has deep patch pockets, wing collar, and two rows of buttons. About \$9, it comes in teen sizes 10-16



Below: Sandra Lee's one-piece dress with a two-piece look combines a solid color weskit top with a plaid, flared skirt and tie. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$8



Above: A velvet bow ties under a small high collar in Youth Guild's cotton check with raglan sleeves and cuffed pockets. In teen sizes 10-16, about \$9



Below: Galey & Lord's combination checked and plaid cotton is used by Sandra Lee to give a jumper effect to this smooth dress. In teen sizes 10-16, about \$9



Below: Tiny checks in Galey & Lord cotton is Teen Fashions' choice for a round collared dress with button-down patch pockets. About \$11, teen sizes 10-16



Above: Patent-leather belt adds sleekness to this Dell Town fashion. Of Dan River's cotton, it has a soft shirred skirt. Teen sizes 10-16, for about \$8



*Photographs taken at Rhodes School, N. Y. C.
by Ralph M. Baxter*

Pert plaids and rich solids with touches of white or splashes of color contrast in cotton dresses—exciting as the first crisp page of a new notebook. Find them at the stores listed on page 49

School Belles

9027: Here's a dress your classmates will rate A-plus for smartness. Notice the clever shoulder and hip treatment, designed to flatter any figure, and the Chinese collar. For sizes 12-18, size 16 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39" material

9314: A demure collar teamed with pert, winged ruffles on shoulders and back of skirt make this a real attention-getter. Designed with two sleeve lengths, it is for sizes 10-16. Size 12 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39" material

4576: A new casual that's perfect for classes or dates, in sizes 12-18. The wide skirt has no side seams, but the stitched pleat give plenty of fullness at the back. To make this dress in size 16 you will need to get $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39" material

9141: Right in step for fall classes is this jumper-and-blouse outfit for sizes 11-17. You'll especially like the deep neckline and cuffed pockets. In size 13, blouse takes 2 yards 35" material, and the jumper 4 yards, of the same width

4702: A three-piecer with butterfly bolero, smooth-fitting skirt with back pleats for fullness, an easy-to-make blouse. Sizes 12-18. For size 16, the blouse takes $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" fabric, skirt and bolero $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39" material

4814: Make this in a gay, printed tie silk for now, and in lightweight wool for winter. Cuffs on sleeves and pockets add a crisp touch. For sizes 11-17, size 13 needs $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39" material for the dress, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard same width for trim



9027



9314



These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 47. Please do not order patterns shown in issues previous to April, 1947, as they are no longer available. Choose similar styles from the current issues.

Each Pattern 25c



4576

9141



4702



4814



✓✓ for Chubbies

photography by Ralph Baxter
hats by Sable Bros.
bag by Youthmode



Neat pleats go up and down the skirt of Chubette's wool-plaid dress. About \$11



Use this two-piece corduroy as a dress or suit. About \$16, by Chubby Originals

Here is a back-to-school wardrobe

to minimize your figure problems. These

fashions, specially selected to

fit and flatter the chubby teen, come

in sizes 10½-16½. Buy them

at the stores listed on page 49



Warm wool-fleece coat with adjustable side tabs. About \$40, by Dubrowsky & Joseph



Chubette uses a pique tucked bib and pleated cummerbund in classic cotton plaid. About \$8



Chubby Originals' pretty patch-pocket jumper is of fine corduroy. About \$11

Deep-Sea Zoo

(Continued from page 11)

standing room in front of a porthole.

"Which are the sharks?" we ask the guide.

"See that big fellow with his mouth under his chin, slits on the sides of his throat, and the upper part of his tail much longer than the lower part? See, he's coming this way."

Instinctively we draw back.

"Look!" exclaims a young visitor. "There are little fish fastened to the shark. Is it a mother with her children?"

"Not at all," answers the guide. "They're a different kind of fish, clinging to the shark for a free ride through life. Their correct name is remora, but people call them sucker-fish. 'Suctionfish' would be more accurate, because they really do not suck. On the upper side of their heads is an elongated suction disk, by means of which they attach themselves so securely that it is impossible to pull them off."

SUDDENLY an enormous green turtle swims in front of our porthole and casts a round, scornful eye at us, as if to say, "I know you think I'm an awkward, lumbering old bumpkin on land, but let's see you do this in the water."

And we take off our hats to the grace and speed of Mr. Turtle, the swimmer.

The big turtle has scarcely gone his way when along comes a large, flat, disk-shaped creature about four feet in diameter; a beautiful fellow, with his upper side lavender-brown and his underside white. He propels himself by a graceful flapping or rippling of the edges of his disk, called his wings.

"This one's a sting-ray, or stingaree," explains the guide. "You see that long, slender tail, like a rat's? On it are sharp spines covered with a poisonous mucus. If you know what's good for you, you give him a wide berth. Of course animals are not actually cruel, except in the eyes of man. When they attack, it is a matter of self-preservation—they are hungry, or they fear for their lives. We try to keep the animals so well fed that they will have no occasion to destroy one another, but things happen occasionally."

"For instance, we had to separate the sharks from the dolphins. They have bitter fights, the sharks biting and tearing the dolphins and the dolphins defending themselves with tremendous strength and agility. Sharks won't attempt an encounter with dolphins, however, unless they are very hungry, and are not outnumbered."

"Do they ever attack the divers?"

"Yes, but not often; they are afraid of the bubbles. The barracuda—that slender, spotted fish—is also dangerous. When he is hungry or alarmed, he attacks even people, striking too rapidly to be seen; and when he strikes, everything scatters."

But during the time of day when the animals are being fed, all is peaceful. As we watch the tiger shark and the angelfish swim together we are just beginning to believe that at the Marine Studios we have found the millennium.

And then, suddenly, an uncanny creature projects about twenty inches of himself from a crevice in a coral reef that has been placed in the tank as a hideout for smaller fish.

This strange animal looks like a fat

(Continued on page 33)

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SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY: I am eleven years old. Mother has just bought a new sewing machine, and I have started a sewing course. I have picked out a pattern from the June issue.

I have recently completed a sun-back dress, and I am now working on a mother-and-daughter pattern.

THE AMERICAN GIRL has helped me in my course, because this is my first time ever attempting to sew by machine.

CAROLE MATZEK

UNION STAR, MISSOURI: I am sixteen years old and a senior in Union Star high school. I have been a Senior Girl Scout till this last year. I have had my Curved Bar rating now for four years. Your magazine really helped me a lot in getting my badges done. You have so many articles in your magazine to aid in getting them.

MILDRED ABORN

STANCHFIELD, MINNESOTA: I sure liked *Journey for Pat*. I also liked *Star Pupil*. It was fun to work out *Am I Puzzled?* I just love your patterns. I make some of my clothes and like to use attractive patterns. I am thirteen years old and go to the Lone Pine School.

I am not a Girl Scout but I sure like *All Over the Map*. I also liked *Passport to Adventure* and your jokes are just wonderful.

GRACE ANDERSON

ALLISON, COLORADO: I am fifteen years old and live on a farm.

I am taking a Home Economics course in school and love to sew. I think your patterns are wonderful, and wish you would print an article about dressmaking. I also like to cook, and really enjoy your articles on cooking.

MARIANA PROCARIONE

CANTON, OHIO: In every issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL I profit by some article. In the June issue the ones most profitable to me were *Take Your Camera*, *Outdoor Cooking*, and *Passport to Adventure*, because I am going to camp.

I will be a freshman next term in Timken High School. I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 27 in Canton.

SYLVIA BELL

UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, OHIO: I enjoyed all the stories in the June issue very much. I thought it was a coincidence that you had *Outdoor Cooking*, because my Girl Scout troop is going on a cook-out in a few days and the article gave us a lot of pointers. My mother enjoys reading the magazine also.

NANCY WEISS

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA: THE AMERICAN GIRL always seems to come up with exactly the right article at exactly the right time. I've been taking tennis lessons with our Girls' Athletic Association at school, and am really having trouble with my strokes. *Tennis Talk* in the June issue helped me a lot.

I'm a First Class Girl Scout, fourteen years old, and sports and out-of-doors are top interests with me. This summer I plan to go to two Girl Scout camps, Deer Lake, here in Florida, and Minnetoska, at Coopers-town, New York. I'm really hoping that I'll be able to take such a trip as Mrs. Rittenhouse describes in *Passport to Adventure*. *Outdoor Cooking* was very interesting, too, and I'm sure it will help me at camp.

KATHAN BROWN

WOODSBORO, TEXAS: I really liked your article on tennis, because I like to play tennis and I went to our District Meet and won first place in doubles.

I just adore your fashions and styles.

RACHEL KELLEY

SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA: The other night as I was going through my old issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I came upon an article called *Ladies and Gentlemen* in the May, 1948, magazine. I didn't recall reading it before, so I pounced on it. It turned out to be about speeches. This immediately caught my interest because I have been making speeches.

About a month ago the Toastmasters of San Gabriel sponsored a speech contest and I prepared a speech. I was eliminated, but my twin sister was in the finals. The day before, I gave my speech for P.T.A.

I found the pointers in the article very interesting and helpful.

CARYL VOLKMAN

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Your June cover is simply wonderful. Ann Klem looks almost good enough to eat. Your new serial, *Journey for Pat*, is super. I just loved *Star Pupil*, because golf is one of my favorite sports. Your fashions are tops with me and your patterns are wonderful.

SYLVIA ALICE JONG

BERLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE: Please have more golf stories. *Star Pupil* was one of the best stories I have ever read.

ANN OUILLETTE

LEICESTER, ENGLAND: My pen friend in Pennsylvania sends me THE AMERICAN GIRL. We can't get magazines like this in England now, and I especially like reading (and marvelling over!) your recipes and articles on clothes and fashions.

I am seventeen and a prefect in the lower sixth. I adore hockey, tennis, and rounders, though my chief hobby is reading French and German literary works. I am not a Girl Guide, because my schoolwork doesn't leave half a second to spare. Happy days!

MARGARET E. MANTON

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: In your June issue there was an especially good article, *Passport to Adventure*. After reading this, and other camping articles, I was ready to pack my duds and be another Robinson Crusoe. As a result, I asked my parents to let me go to camp. They agreed it would do me good, so two days after school lets out, I and my baggage are off, with a stout heart and a "passport to adventure," for a week at camp.

MARILYN DAVIDSON

BURLINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA: *Headlines in Hairdos* was extremely helpful. I like to change my hair often, and before I do, I always picture myself "under" the hair of one of your models. Long hair is adorable on most girls, but not on me. Therefore, my hair is usually short or medium length.

ALITA WHITE

ROGERS, ARKANSAS: I have only been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL since last March. It is a fine magazine. I especially like the cooking hints by Judith Miller. I feel that I have two things in common with her—my name, and my love of cooking.

I am thirteen years old and will be a freshman in Rogers high school.

JUDITH MILLER

KENEDY, TEXAS: I am fourteen and will be a freshman next semester. I have subscribed to your wonderful magazine for two years, and it has helped me many times in school and Girl Scouts.

I especially liked your June issue. Photography and tennis are my favorite hobbies, so you can imagine how thrilled I was to find articles on both in one issue. How about an article on swimming, too?

The cover was very attractive and the stories, especially *Blue Water*, marvelous.

SHIRLEY ANN BROWNLOW

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS: I am thirteen years old and in the Horace Mann Grammar School. I am learning how to make my own clothes, with the help of my mother and your easy, pretty patterns. I am very pleased with the results.

I am sure *Journey for Pat* is one of the best continued stories you've ever published. I wish you would put out more stories connected with vacations.

DIANE KELLOGG

SPRINGER, NEW MEXICO: *Take Your Camera* and *Tennis Talk* were just what I needed to get the hang of things. Your covers are super, and I couldn't get along without *Books* and *Turntable Tips*. How about something on bike repairing? I need something in that line. I am thirteen years old, and in Troop 3 in Girl Scouts.

MARCELIA MONTGOMERY

CAMPBELLSVILLE, KENTUCKY: In the June issue I read *Take Your Camera* over and over, for I am a camera fan, and it gave me some helpful pointers. Lets have more. And while I'm on the subject, I also liked *Star Pupil*.

DORIS RICHMONSON

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: The hairdos in the June issue are so cute that I am going to have my hair cut just like one of them.

SUSAN FINN

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA: I think *Journey For Pat* is the best story you've printed in ages. I liked your fashions for this month too.

I'm thirteen years old and in the seventh grade at W. A. Blount School in Pensacola.

As a whole, I can't find but one thing wrong with the June issue and that's *Shirts 'n Shorts*. I thought the models were awful. But I think *Teen Shop Talk* is the best feature in the whole magazine.

BETTY JEAN CARRICK

ROS WELL, NEW MEXICO: I am thirteen years old and finishing up the seventh grade. I am in Girl Scout Troop 4 and am completing my Second Class badge.

Thank you for the wonderful article on photography. I am going to Girl Scout Camp Mary White and am dying to try out your methods.

MILDRED BOWMAN

ABILENE, TEXAS: I am eleven years old and will be in the eighth grade in the Abilene Christian College Demonstration School next year. I am a Second Class Girl Scout in Troop 29, Abilene. We have just finished the Health and Safety, Nutrition, and Cook badges.

I thoroughly enjoy all your stories, especially *Journey for Pat* and *Blue Water* in the June issue. Please print an article on swimming, as I love to swim and am working on Junior Life Saving. I liked your *Headlines in Hairdos*. I go for the short ones because they are so easy to keep, and that is especially helpful because I am going to camp this summer, and going in swimming twice a day, it is not exactly easy to keep long hair looking half nice.

SANDRA KAY CULLAR

MAYAGÜEZ, PUERTO RICO: I am thirteen years old and have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year and a half.

Many girls in my troop, which is number 68, receive *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. All of us understand English perfectly, so we enjoy it, specially stories, greatly.

Fashions are wonderful, too. I think it is the best magazine for teen-agers. I will like to read more stories like *Two for the Show*, *Summer Storm*, and *Amateur Sleuth*.

ANITA RAMIREZ

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE END

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TEEN SHOP talk

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by Jonni Burke

Drawings by LISL WEIL

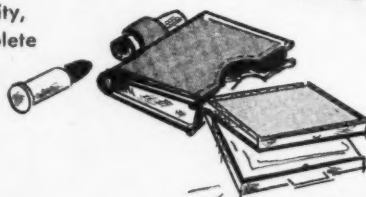


"Teen Turnabout"—three-way hat by Sable Bros., adaptable to any mood, any hairdo. Of soft, wool felt, it rolls into a compact cone for easy storing and packing. \$3 at Crowley Millner, Detroit

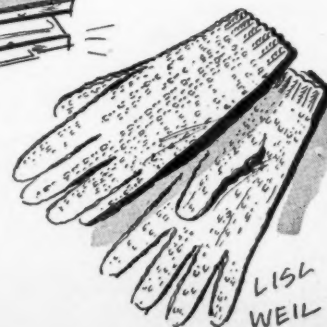


"Beauty Butler," by Rex, is a calf-topped compact case for lipstick in the handy loop! At Best & Co., New York City, it's \$3 complete

Let's go Western! Vogue presents this cowhide belt, cowpuncher style, with colored studs and silver trim and buckle. Sizes 24-30, and yours for just \$1 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn



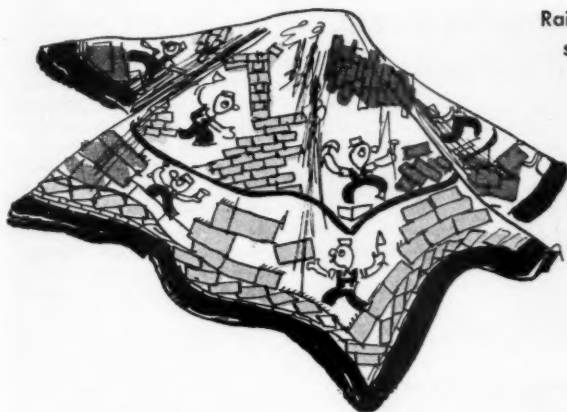
"Tee-off" to school in knitted shortie gloves by Wear Right. Of heavy cotton with neat, tight cuffs. \$2, at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



LISL WEIL

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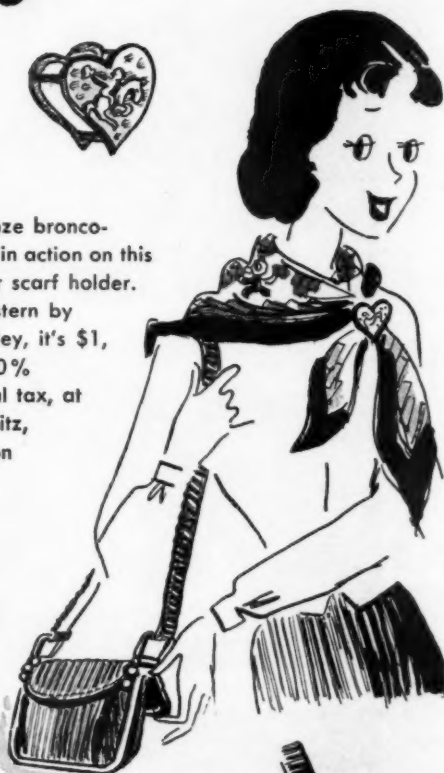
TEEN SHOP talk



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THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH —This is a gay story about a beautiful schoolmarm (Virginia Mayo) and the amusing events that occur when she is pursued by an artist (Ronald Reagan) who paints only pretty girls. Funnyman Eddie Bracken, the artist's friend, locates Virginia, and the resulting publicity quite upsets her teaching career. You'll find it lots of fun.



YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING — Something new has come to Hollywood—lovely little Shari Robinson, a recently discovered child star. And with her, contributing glamour and talent, are Anne Baxter and Dan Dailey as her parents. You'll love the happy ending of this engaging musical, with Shari sweetly singing and dancing "The Good Ship Lollipop."



ONCE MORE, MY DARLING— In this picture Bob Montgomery again turns to comedy, this time with Ann Blyth as his costar. Ann is a Pasadena debutante, nicknamed "Killer," who decides that Bob's for her. But his mother (Jane Cowl of Broadway fame) has very definite objections. There's just a touch of mystery and intrigue thrown in for good measure.

by Carol Crane

Deep-Sea Zoo

(Continued from page 27)

snake, about five or six inches in diameter, and is a brilliant, greenish-yellow hue. The weirdness of his coloring against the dark coral; his cold, steely eyes; the furtive way he keeps most of his body hidden while his diabolical, pointed head sways slowly to right and to left, and his sharp-toothed mouth keeps opening and closing, all give him the fascination of horror. As the diver passes his lair and hands him a fish, he draws his six feet of greenish-yellow body out of the hole and slithers along after the man, as if slinking to perform some ghastly deed.

The guide explains that this is a moray eel, nicknamed the "yellow demon."

"Is he as dangerous and as sinister as he looks?" we ask.

"He's dangerous, all right. His sharp teeth can make deep wounds, and fishermen, who call the moray eel the 'rattlesnake of the deep,' often cut their lines rather than draw one of them into their boats."

"Then why does he keep his body hidden, as if he is afraid?"

"He is afraid—afraid of sharks. A shark will take a big, juicy mouthful of him!"

TO COLLECT their interesting specimens, the Marine Studios have two skiffs, the *Dolphin* and the *Penguin*, which scour the seas off the coast as far to the south as the Florida keys.

Each skiff tows a barge containing a fifteen-foot, salt-water well in which to "bring 'em back alive." Heavy steel doors in the side, something like those in a military landing barge, permit drawing the animals into the well without taking them out of water.

The creatures are caught with rods and reels, with traps, with nets and seines of all sorts and sizes. Many of the little fellows simply are picked out of the sargasso weed, which the wind drives in from the southward, but sometimes there is an exciting adventure. Once a giant manta ray, weighing fifteen hundred pounds, was caught in shallow water only a mile and a half north of the oceanarium, but it required twenty-five men and a gasoline crane to bring him through the surf to the tanks. After they had him in, he refused to eat, and again the thrashing creature was netted. It took nine men to pry open his enormous mouth with the end of a ten-foot plank, while one of the scientists reached way down inside him and left thirty-five mullet, which the manta swallowed with great gulps.

When the animals get sick the scientists turn doctor, often finding it a struggle to administer castor oil and other medicines to the larger creatures. Once, when 108 logger-head-turtle eggs hatched, all the attendants had to act as baby nurses.

In the corridor between the two great tanks which we have visited, we find several small glass aquariums with forms of life too fragile for the competition in the tanks. These small, quiet creatures are quite as fascinating as the larger, more active ones.

No orchid, for instance, could be more delicate than the sea anemones, the "flowers of the sea," which fasten to small rocks or large shells. One has fixed himself on the back of a crab, which furnishes him with both home site and transportation.



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Be sure who follows whom. When you rise to rumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! As to calendar-time, you can be way ahead in poise and comfort by choosing new Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you

wear it. Gives downy softness that holds its shape. And here's the very last word in comfort!—your new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made of duPont nylon elastic . . . quick drying, light weight, smooth-feeling.



To judge what you should weigh—

- ☐ Compare your pal's poundage
☐ See an "average weight" chart
☐ Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6 1/4" you're small-boned. More than 6 1/2"—large-boned. Consider your frame when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for you by trying all 3 . . . Regular, Junior, Super. They're designed for different girls, different days.



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If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- ☐ Lend both ears
☐ Keep one eye on the field
☐ Plan tomorrow's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to *you*, so listen . . . without a roving eye, or daydreams, or tapping tatoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex. They've found the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . and the exclusive safety center gives extra protection. What girl wouldn't appreciate that?

The anemone consists of a short, stumpy body with a large mouth at the top, surrounded by a large number of slender tentacles which wave gently in the water, searching for food. In certain species the body is completely concealed by these tentacles, which are a dainty white near the body, shading into exquisite purples or pinks at the tips. The touch of these lovely fingers, however, means death to fish or other small animals that come too close, for they sting and paralyze such victims, and then draw them into the anemone's mouth.

When danger threatens, the anemone draws his tentacles inside and closes his mouth. Then he is no longer a thing of delicacy and beauty, but tough-skinned and ugly, something like a wrinkled puffball.

The corals are a form of anemone, but each jellylike animal, called a polyp, is vastly smaller, and his tentacles are mere hairs. Corals live in colonies, attached to one another. Each little polyp builds around himself a house of hard, white limestone, and the pieces of coral that you see in the shops are diminutive apartment houses in which thousands of tiny polyps once lived, each in his own self-made little dwelling.

Unlike most creatures, corals are more beautiful after death. Alive, they are covered with a slimy substance which is often dark and unlovely, but as the living polyps die and disintegrate, the beauty and delicacy of their gleaming limestone mansions are revealed.

In one of the smaller aquariums there are a few sea horses—fascinating little fish with heads like horses', long snouts, and bodies protected by an armor of rough, bony plates. Some swim around in an upright position by means of their single dorsal fin; others rest with their tails twined around blades of seaweed. It is curious the way the female places her eggs in a pocket on the male's abdomen, something like a kangaroo's pouch, where they stay until they hatch. For some time after the little sea horses are hatched, instead of taking refuge with the mother the babies run for the father's pouch.

IN ANOTHER tank are two small octopuses. With flabby, pear-shaped bodies, two big popeyes, and eight long, snakelike tentacles, each armed with two rows of powerful suction disks. On one side of the short body is a tube called a siphon, which opens slowly and then closes with a puff. This puff is caused by the sudden expulsion of water, which gives the octopus a thrust backward. It's his idea of swimming, and it works.

He walks by means of the tentacles and their disks. While we watch, one octopus encounters a small rock which he begins to climb, resembling, in his soft, clinging motions, a thick fluid spilling itself upward. As soon as his body touches the brown rock, his veins fill with a brownish substance, and this color suffuses his whole body, camouflaging him almost perfectly. When it comes to defending himself against an enemy, the octopus squirts through his siphon a dark substance which surrounds him with a screen, under cover of which he can usually escape.

Now it is time for us to slip away from the deep-sea zoo. Giving a good-by glance at the playful dolphins, we think what an entertaining and interesting afternoon we have had. Next time, we silently promise, we'll bring along a camera and plenty of film!

THE END

Made in a Mold

(Continued from page 14)

dissolved. Add salt, lemon juice, worcestershire sauce, and pepper. Cool. Add mayonnaise and mix in remaining ingredients. Turn into large loaf pan, or individual molds, and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs. Serves 6.

MOLDED CHICKEN LOAF

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1/2 cup cold chicken stock or bouillon | 1/4 cup pineapple syrup |
| 3/4 cup hot chicken stock or bouillon | 1 1/4 cups diced cooked chicken |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup canned crushed pineapple, drained |
| | 1/2 cup diced celery |

Soften gelatin in cold chicken stock. Add hot stock and salt, and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and pineapple syrup. Chill until consistency of unbeaten egg white. Fold in chicken, pineapple, and celery. Turn into loaf pan or individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with toasted slivered almonds, if desired. Serves 6.

MOLDED MACARONI AND CHEESE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento |
| 1/4 cup hot water | |
| 1 cup grated cheese | 1/2 cup diced celery |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | 1 1/2 cups cooked, broken macaroni |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing |
| 2 teaspoons grated onion | |

Soften gelatin in cold water. Add hot water and stir constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Add grated cheese and stir until cheese has softened. Stir in lemon juice, salt, and grated onion. Chill until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg white. Stir in parsley, pimiento, celery, macaroni, and mayonnaise. Turn into large loaf pan, or individual molds, and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with sliced stuffed olives. Yield: 6 servings.

SALMON MOUSSE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 2 cups flaked, cooked salmon |
| 1/4 cup cold water | 1 cup finely diced celery |
| 1/4 cup vinegar | 1 tablespoon capers (optional) |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped |
| 1 1/4 teaspoons salt | |
| 1 teaspoon mustard | |

Soften gelatin in cold water and vinegar. Place over boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, and mustard; stir until blended. Cool. Stir in salmon, celery, and capers. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into loaf pan or individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and serve with sliced cucumbers and mayonnaise. Six servings.

ANGEL PUDDING

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup cream farina | 2 egg whites |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 2 cups hot milk | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin | 1/2 teaspoon almond extract |
| 2 tablespoons cold water | 1/2 pint cream, whipped |

Mix farina, salt, and hot milk. Stir and boil 3 minutes. Soak gelatin in the cold water. Add to hot farina, stirring until dissolved. Beat egg whites stiff and add sugar. Beat until points form. Fold egg mixture into hot farina. Add vanilla and almond extract. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into a lightly greased mold. Chill. Unmold and serve with any fresh or canned fruit. If canned black cherries are used, thicken juice with 1 tablespoon cornstarch for each cup of juice and heat until juice cooks clear. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

PEACH ICE-BOX CAKE

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 tablespoons cornstarch | 3 cups peach nectar |
| 4 tablespoons sugar | 3 egg yolks, beaten |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup cream |
| | 4 cups angel or sponge cake cubes |

Combine cornstarch, sugar, and salt. Gradually add peach nectar. Heat to boiling over direct heat and then boil gently 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Gradually add to beaten egg yolks, mixing thoroughly. Return to heat and cook 2 minutes. Cool slightly; add cream. Fold in cake cubes. Pour into 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan lined with wax paper. Cover with wax paper and chill 4 to 6 hours. Unmold on serving plate. Garnish with whipped cream and fresh or canned sliced peaches. 8 to 10 servings.

THE END

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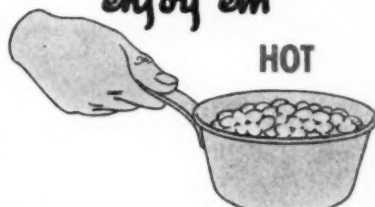
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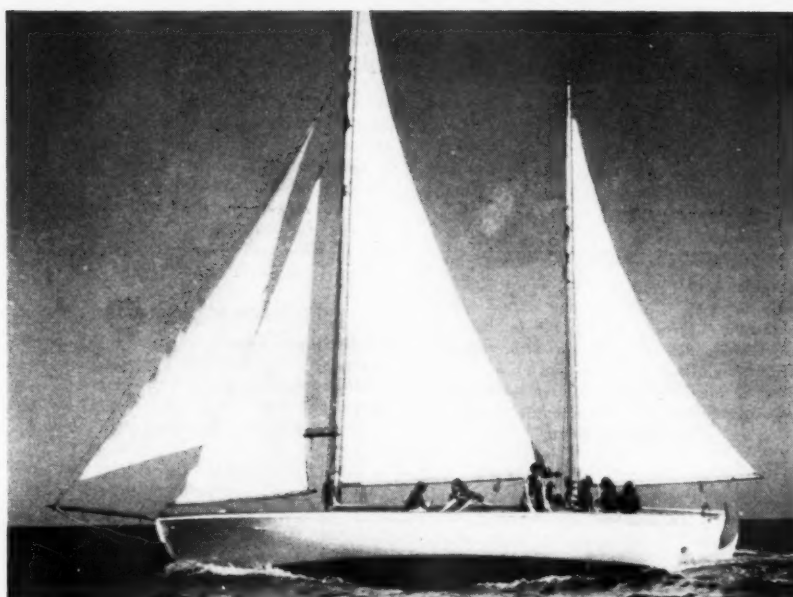
1. Mariners with advanced rating have a chance to serve as crew on the fine ketch *Scotia*, which is chartered on occasion

2. Emerald Bay, a sheltered cove on the north shore of Catalina Island, is the site of this annual Mariner Scout Camp

3. The boating dock is one of the busiest spots on the bay. Campers practice landings with skiffs, and tossing ring buoys

4. Firsthand care and repair of boats are part of the campers' training. These Mariners are learning how to mend sail

5. At sailing camp, even crafts take a nautical turn! Campers learn splicing, knotting, braiding of rope boat fenders



1

Mariners at Catalina

2



3



4



STOW your gear in a sea bag, mate, wave good-by to landlubbers, and climb aboard! We're off by water taxi to Catalina Island, for a ten-day encampment with Pacific Coast Mariner Scouts. Loyal to the sea, one hundred Southern Californians choose Emerald Bay as the site of their annual summer camp.

Emerald Bay is a quiet cove on the north shore of the famous island. Brown hills above the clear blue water enclose a small harbor, well sheltered for beginning sailors. The camp is equipped with rowboats, dinghies, and canoes, while a fleet of small sailboats—Snipes, Snowbirds, and Deltas provided by the Mariner troops which own them—ride at their moorings near by. Occasionally experienced sailors have a chance to crew on a larger boat such as the chartered ketch *Scotia*, or the *Que Queg*, skippered by former Mariner Lou Landreth.

The story of this outstanding camp begins early in 1946, when a group of enthusiastic Mariner leaders in Southern California agreed that their girls should go to a real sailing camp rather than to the mountains. They formed a council, made arrangements for the ten-day use of a Boy Scout campsite, and worked out such knotty problems as food, transportation, and personnel. On August 28th of that summer, shortly after the Boy Scouts had gone back to town, they opened camp. Since then, this Mariner camp has been an annual event.

From reveille, at five bells, camp

program follows ship routine. Since even a Midshipmite must be able to jump or dive into water at least six feet deep, and swim, float, or tread water for ten minutes within a designated area, and know the principles of water safety, there are no beginners' swimming classes. Campers are organized into intermediates, advanced, and junior and senior life-savers. The intermediate swimmers work to perfect and strengthen their strokes, the advanced enjoy diving and formation swimming, while the life-savers fulfill regulation American Red Cross requirements for their rating.

Canoe enthusiasts, with their instructors, hold forth on the bay in calm morning hours, learning to swamp and right the canoes, learn safe rescue procedures, and race. And on the other side of the dock it's "row, row, row your boat," for correct rowing is a prerequisite for sailing. The skiffs and dinghies are on the water every possible minute, as the girls practice stroking and feathering, learn the parts of the boat and the safe way to change position in a rowboat.

For most campers, however, sailing is the highlight of the day. There are two morning and two afternoon sailing periods with instruction, and a late afternoon "free period" when campers who have qualified may sail alone. Sailing instructors are all over nineteen years old—girls who have earned their Old Salt rating and are experienced sailors. Under their teaching, many a Jack Tar progresses enough



5

by
Marion McGuire

at Emerald Bay to earn a Seaman's rating. For this, they must be able to forecast the weather for the day, make sail and follow a triangular course, pick up a buoy or mooring at least three times, come alongside a pier, and know what to do if a boat should capsize. As for beginning sailors, most learn to handle tiller and sheet with a minimum of prompting.

The Beautiful Spy (Continued from page 17)

last farmhouse you passed and get yourself dried out."

At the farmhouse Pauline unexpectedly found that she was among Northern sympathizers, who readily agreed to help her. But first she needed rest, and utterly exhausted, she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

But it was not the farmer who awakened her the next morning. Four Confederate guards entered the room. They had been following her ever since her escape and had traced her to the farmhouse.

With all hope gone, Pauline collapsed. The long rides in the cold and rain had taken their toll, and it was a desperately sick woman the guards finally brought before General Bragg. The sketches she had made of the fortifications had been found in her shoes, and her attempt to escape was just another admission of guilt. The court-martial was held. Pauline was found guilty and sentenced to death.

That was the sad string of events which had brought the weeping little figure to the straw pallet in the dirty prison cell.

So engrossed was she in her thoughts that she failed to notice the commotion outside her cell—the noise of many men running, almost as though the whole Confederate Army

On days of dead calm, or those too windy for small craft, practice periods are held on dry land with a small sailboat. The girls are drilled on vocabulary, construction and care of the boat, wind and weather, and are given a chance to practice rigging the boat.

Everything about this camp has a nautical flavor. Handicraft periods are spent in splicing and knotting; braiding rope to produce sturdy boat fenders; or stitching blue-denim sea and ditty bags with real sail needles and sailor's palms. For singing, it's strictly sea shanties; even the dramatic skits concern sea lore; while small "interest groups" are held on five evenings in such subjects as history and reading of the compass, charting, aids to navigation, sailing technique, bell time and watches, and rules of the road.

In addition, there are plenty of special spotlighted events here. A fishing expedition may venture by launch beyond the bay and bring home a catch of mackerel large enough to feed the whole camp. Perhaps there will be a cook-out at another part of Catalina, with transportation by water. Or it may be a beautiful water pageant, or an art class in seascapes.

At twilight on the last Sunday, the entire camp walks half a mile to Parson's Beach, on the westernmost tip of the island. There, in a setting of huge gray boulders, backdropped by sunset, Scouts' Own is held. A full moon obligingly lights the path home, and a few lights from boats in the bay shiver across the water. From the reef a seal barks. Silently the Scouts find their tents and go to bed, unanimous in the feeling that of all the 7,000 Mariners in the United States, they're the luckiest.

THE END

were preparing for some important event.

Once again the key turned in the lock, and several physicians entered.

"What is it?" murmured Pauline. Fever and pain made it difficult for her to speak. "What's wrong?"

The doctors were talking among themselves and shaking their heads over her. At last one of them spoke.

"Miss Cushman," he said, "we have just had word that the Union Army is almost upon us. We are retreating immediately. General Bragg sent us here to see if you could be moved. We have decided that is impossible. You will be left behind."

Pauline clasped her hands in prayer, then lapsed into unconsciousness.

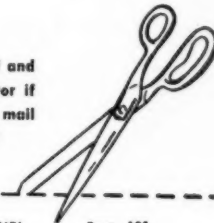
Days later she awoke in a Union Army hospital where, with gentle care, she slowly regained her broken health. Finally she was able to return to Nashville.

Her work in the Secret Service was over. Her friends now realized the great part she had played, and praised her for her bravery and courage. They were proud to know the heroic girl who, as one of the first women spies in American history, had risked her life for her country.

THE END

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All Over the Map



Betty Chinn, a Girl Scout of Kansas City, won a trip to Washington, D. C. by answering the most questions on American history on a radio quiz program

• **Not every group** of Girl Scouts working for Child Care badges has real, live babies to work with, but Troop 83 of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has been lucky enough to have the assistance of bouncing seven months old twins—a boy and a girl. It all started last winter when a fire in the home of the twins made some temporary assistance necessary, and the Girl Scouts fell to and assembled complete sets of clothing for the babies. After that, the troop unofficially adopted the twins, and when they started work on Child Care badges the babies' mother, a registered nurse, used them to demonstrate how infants should be bathed, dressed, and fed. From then on, the Scouts took over. Also on the agenda for the Tulsa Scouts is a troop vegetable-and-flower garden in a vacant lot provided by the parents of one of the members. This means they'll be earning Home Gardener badges during the summer, and a sprinkling of Garden Flower badges, too. The girls have invited some Tulsa County 4-H groups to spend a day in the city as guests of Troop 83. In turn, the Scouts have been invited to spend a Saturday down on a farm with the 4-H'ers. And, as though that were not enough to keep things humming, the troop is meeting twice a month during the summer to work on Swimmer and Pioneer badges.

• **The operations** of one of the world's busiest air terminals were viewed at firsthand by thirty members of a Madison, Wisconsin, Wing Scout troop and their leaders on a recent visit to the Chicago Municipal Airport. The field trip was the first visit to a major terminal for the troop, and their flight to Chicago was the first experience in a commercial air transport for many of the girls. At the airport they were taken on a conducted tour of the various installations and inspected the United Air Lines' flight kitchen, communication, and meteorology departments. They watched airliners coming in on GCA (ground-controlled approach) radar equipment; ate dinner with an air stewardess from Madison; and, the same evening, flew home. Funds for the trip were collected by the members of the troop through special money-raising projects.

• **A Girl Scout from Kansas City**, who distinguished herself on a radio quiz program last November, now has had her well-earned reward of a trip to Washington, D. C. The Scout is Betty Chinn, a girl of Chinese ancestry, and one of five sisters—all of whom are Girl Scouts. The radio program was a "People Are Funny" broadcast from Kansas City, and Betty won her prize by giving more correct answers to questions on United States history than did her competitor, a Boy Scout of her own age. Given a choice on the time she would take the trip, she decided to wait until school was out, so that she would have time for a really good visit to the Capital. Betty went to Washington with her mother, and her grand

tour included all the major points of interest, a meeting with her senator, and lunch with her congressman in the Capitol dining room. A troop of Washington Girl Scouts served as Betty's hostesses while she was in Washington and entertained her royally. All five of the Chinn girls have been a credit to Girl Scouting. During the last war, two of them sold more war stamps in the Girl Scout Victory Drive than any other Girl Scouts in Kansas City, and were guests of honor at an annual Fathers' and Daughters' dinner at the Women's City Club. They have entertained in native costume for civic groups in the city, and repeatedly taken part in programs for the Community Chest. Betty herself represented China in the Freedom Train when it was in Kansas City. She

has always been an outstanding member of her troop.

• **Twenty Long Beach, California**, boys and girls who are confined to their homes because of illness or injuries will testify that Girl Scout Troop 117 of that city really subscribes to the Girl Scout law, "A Girl Scout is a friend to all." The twenty boys and girls have been chosen by this troop as their "indoor pals," and the girls remember their friends with cards, gifts, and—most important of all—frequent visits. The housebound children, who have few opportunities to meet other people, look forward eagerly to the friendly visits, and also like the gifts which are carefully selected with the interests of each child in mind. Much thought goes into selecting gifts that can be enjoyed in bed or in a wheel chair. Parents of shut-ins appreciate the visits, too, because they seem to give the children courage, besides providing fun and entertainment for them. The Long Beach Girl Scouts became interested in this activity when they were Brownies, and after they became Intermediates they decided to make it a regular service project. They went about it by calling on the counselor of the home-study program of the Long Beach schools, and on the superintendent of the polio clinic. Parents were notified of the plan, and they agreed it was an opportunity for the Scouts to enrich their own lives while making life brighter for someone else.

• **Because a school building** had to be enlarged, tragedy almost befell a young elm tree, a grandchild of the famous George Washington elm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, under which Washington took command of his army. But the elm was saved when Girl Scouts came to the rescue. The tree, one of many raised from seedlings and distributed throughout the country as memorials by the G.A.R. and D.A.R., was planted on the school grounds in Marshalltown, Ohio, in 1940 by members of Girl Scout Troop 10. When the Girl Scouts of Anson School recently learned that the tree would have to be cut down in order to make room for their expanding school, they decided to raise enough money to have it moved. So they went to work taking a collection in the school, contributing themselves, spreading the news among other Scouts who, in turn, tidied up yards and ran errands to earn the necessary money. When at last the sum was collected, many Marshalltown Girl Scouts turned up to witness the moving on a Saturday morning, and attend the replanting ceremony which included singing of Girl Scout songs, giving of the Scout laws, and the reading, in unison, of the poem, "What Does He Plant Who Plants A Tree?"

• **In an exchange of campers** between Canada and the United States, four Girl Scouts from Orange, New Jersey, attended Camp



United Air Lines

A group of Wing Scouts of Madison, Wisconsin, who flew to the Chicago Municipal Airport for an inspection tour

Wa-Thik-Ane in Morine Heights in the Laurentian Mountains, and four Canadian girls went to Eagle Island, the Orange Girl Scout camp at Saranac, New York. The Orange girls left for Montreal, the first stop, with knapsacks and sleeping bags on their shoulders, and there transferred to another train, where they met two hundred girls, many of them French Canadians, who were to be their campmates for two weeks. So primitive is the setting of Camp Wa-Thik-Ane that the four Orange Scouts had to undergo strenuous training in outdoor living before they could go. Duplicating as closely as possible the conditions they would meet in the Canadian woods, their course included establishing camp with bare hands and axes, pitching tents, and cooking over various types of outdoor fires. Fire prevention was stressed, because the floor of the virgin Canadian forest is composed of pine needles, rotting wood, and long roots that catch fire easily and spread it rapidly. Also on the preparation program was the care and feeding of a pig—an animal which is used to dispose of waste foods by the Girl Guides in their camp. The girls also brushed up on the cooking of typical American dishes such as baked beans and barbecued chicken in order to do justice to their native recipes. They reviewed their American history, and drilled themselves in American folk songs and dances which they planned to perform for the entertainment of their fellow campers.

• **A Dad-Daughter Powwow**, in true Western style, was held recently by the Girl Scouts of Sioux City, Iowa, with every Intermediate Scout and her dad invited. Any older Brownies and their dads who wanted to come also were invited. As guests entered the gate of the camp site, they were given a ranch brand which directed them to a section of the camp identified by a similar brand, where that particular group had an outdoor supper. During the supper, each group planned a stunt with which to entertain the rest of the ranchers, and, when a gong was sounded, everybody gathered around a blazing campfire on a playing field in the center of the camp. After the stunts were performed by each unit, the evening wound up with the entire group giving rousing renditions of cowboy songs in the firelight.

THE END

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

Headline News in Girl Scouting



Muriel McClain

Boys and girls confined to their homes are entertained by Girl Scouts of Long Beach, California



Girl Scouts of Tulsa, Oklahoma, studying Child Care with the help of a very lively pair of twins

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Hook-On Sun Seat: If you have a retired sun or beach chair, a simple, new replacement seat may put it back into circulation. No sewing, no nailing, no strings attached. Just cut off the old canvas, then snap on this sturdy new cover which is adjustable to standard-size chairs. It comes in multicolor stripe combinations, completely assembled, with full instructions. After the summer, when ready to store, just unhook the cover and pack it away for next season.

Pract-Tee: This provides all-round golf practice right in your own back yard. Quick and easy to set up, it eliminates chasing of balls, saves the expense of a shooting range. Pract-Tee consists of a steel shaft to which a golf ball is connected by a flexible steel cable. Insert shaft in ground, tee up the ball, and drive. When properly struck, the ball revolves around shaft.



Easy View: Here's a cookbook holder so simple you wonder why it wasn't invented before. Fits any cookbook, hangs on the knob or handle of any kitchen cabinet. The book stays in place, out of spatter range, at convenient reading level. Your cookbook is protected and the cook is saved many steps.

Presto: Here are white cotton tapes, clearly imprinted with your name, that can be ironed on to your clothes in ten seconds! A permanent part of the garment, guaranteed not to come off during washing, dry cleaning, ironing, or hard wear, the tapes are useful, not only for your camp wardrobe, but for school equipment and for marking household laundry to prevent loss. Tapes are pre-cut and boxed for easy handling and applying.



Rad-Lo: Want to be able to lower radio volume by flick of a switch, while telephoning, without turning off the set? You can install this simple gadget. Connecting wires run to radio-speaker cone, and a switch is fastened at convenient place near telephone—that's all. Because the device merely lowers volume, others in the room can still follow programs while the telephone conversation is being conducted.

New Look: Just as inexpensive as the common white-cotton work gloves you wear for gardening and household chores, these jersey cotton gloves come in every color of the rainbow. It was all Peggy Ann Garner's idea, and now an unexpected fad is in the making: boys and girls are using mixed pairs to match school colors.



Bread Butler: Clever, simple way to keep a whole loaf of sliced bread fresh, even for two weeks, is a new easy-to-clean dispenser that delivers a slice at a time by the turning of a knob. Keep it on the breakfast table so bread stays fresh right up to the time you toast it, or in the cupboard or the refrigerator so your sandwiches always taste good.

Glove Holder: Attach this good-looking gadget by its chain to the handle of a pocketbook and it's ready to hold your gloves safely and prettily whenever you take them off—at the movies, parties, and other occasions. No more searching for strayed gloves or stuffing them into your pocketbook or coat pockets. Both the holder and chain are gold-plated.



New Home Doughnut Maker: It's fun and easy to use. Filled once, the machine yields twenty doughnuts (requiring one pound of dough). It is operated simply by raising a plunger which allows dough to fall into place. Then, when the plunger is pushed, a perfectly formed doughnut falls from base of tube into deep-fat fryer. Gadget comes complete with recipes.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Girl Without a Country?

(Continued from page 7)

day muttering to herself, a tiny, wrinkled, lost soul in a world too frightful for her to contemplate. Joe, her beloved grandson, was fighting against his own people, against his emperor. He would be punished for his sin.

Then they'd had the telegram—MISSING IN ACTION. She mourned loudly, sobbing and muttering. One morning she did not rise from her bed, and she died with words on her lips that were treachery to the America Rosebud loved.

Why should such things be, Rosebud had wondered. Why couldn't people agree, or at least be kind about ways other than their own?

But no one, not her parents, nor her teachers, gave her a satisfactory answer. Different nations had different beliefs, was all they told her. Joe might have known the answer. But Joe was dead on some faraway battlefield, dead for the things he had believed in. Her grandmother, the only link with the past, was gone. Her brother had given his life for America. Certainly the Yokus were Americans now.

Then, one night, the news had come. At first they could hardly believe it. Joe wasn't dead. He'd been terribly wounded, and unidentified for weeks. He had lost a leg, but he was alive.

"Teacher said the new artificial limbs they use are wonderful," Rosebud told her parents, between laughing and crying. He'd be able to walk so well nobody would even know he'd been wounded, except for the medal that he would be wearing on his coat.

IT HAD been a long while before they were at home again—Rosebud and her father and mother and Joe. But after the house was scrubbed from the front door to the back, and the rubbish taken away from the yard and the paths raked, it all seemed much as it had before. Her mother wasn't too well; she had developed rheumatism in her hands at the relocation camp, and Rosebud had to take over much of the housework. Her father was older and more silent. As for Joe—Joe didn't look like the same boy. But he was the same boy really—her wonderful big brother.

They were a family again. Not people set apart any longer, suspected. They were an American family. They'd proved it.

Joe got around pretty well. He helped his father some. He couldn't go back to his old job in the factory, of course, because he couldn't stand all those hours every day. But he didn't complain. He didn't wear his medal, though, the way Rosebud had imagined he would.

"Tell us just what you did," his mother asked, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Just my job," he said. "Just what any soldier would do."

At first Rosebud thought that was a terrible way to feel, but after a while she saw it was part of what made Joe really an American, this feeling he had that you did your duty as a matter of course.

The most wonderful thing of all about being home was going back to school. She found herself in the same group, and at first

she thought it was going to be as though she had never been away. But as the days passed she began to realize that there was a difference.

In class she was one of the good students, and everything went smoothly under the eyes of her teacher. But at recess and after school it wasn't the way it had been before at all.

Myrtle Bates, who had been her best friend, didn't seem nearly so glad to see Rosebud as Rosebud had been to see her. She always appeared busy and preoccupied. After school she never had time any more to walk home with Rosebud. She wouldn't come over in the evening so they could study together. Nor was Rosebud invited to Marie Palmer's to swim as she had once been, and Selma Parker didn't stop to pick her up on the way to school. Before she went away Rosebud had been president of her class. This year she wasn't even mentioned for an office.

Walking home alone one afternoon along the dusty road, she went over in her mind what had happened that day, and knew it all couldn't have been accidental. At noon, when she had looked about for someone to have lunch with, she had found the group behind the big rock where they had spread their lunch. But when she'd said, "No wonder I couldn't find you. Tomorrow I'll know where to look for you," nobody said anything for a moment.

Then Sally had snickered, "We won't be here tomorrow."

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 4th St., N. Y. C. 17.

"Where will you be, then?" Rosebud had asked.

But nobody had answered her.

Suddenly she felt sick inside. She realized that not one of her close friendships had been resumed since she'd returned. Only Marion Carr had shown any friendliness and that just once or twice in a queer, half-frightened, half-defiant sort of way. It must be the girls felt strange because she had been away so long. But they'd been together since first grade—they'd founded a club. *O.C.—Our Club*. And pledged eternal friendship with chubby hands.

What had happened to *Our Club*, she wondered. She hadn't heard it mentioned since she got back. If they'd outgrown that, they ought to have another one to take its place.

She'd suggest a new club at recess tomorrow, she decided. She'd say, "Whatever happened to our old *O.C.* and why don't we have another, a friendship club?" They could have meetings once a week. She'd see if her mother wouldn't let her have the very first one, with cookies and lemonade.

She had it so carefully planned she couldn't understand why, when the noon bell rang, she suddenly felt scared. She made herself be calm and slow, so slow that when she came out of the door with her lunch box

Marjorie lines up the future



THE future looks perfect to Marjorie, drafting clerk for the telephone company. Her hobby's always been drawing and now her busy pencil is helping to provide telephone service.

A peek over Marjorie's shoulder might show a sketch for construction work, or a map of cable routes. But to Marjorie, they are more than lines on a drawing board. She knows they are part of the careful planning that goes into providing telephone service. She knows, for example, that her sketches help get telephones for those cute little bungalows out east of town.

Marjorie and others like her enjoy doing their work well. They're proud of being part of the team which gives America the world's best telephone service.

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New England Art Publishers, North Abington 65, Mass.

MAKE \$2750 CASH

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She Makes Plenty of EASY MONEY



Selling Friendship CHRISTMAS CARDS!

You, too, can earn the Extra Cash you need!

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EARN CASH NOW! Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make money same day you get our FREE Samples of big lines Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards. Low as 50¢ for \$1, up to 25¢ for \$2. Richly styled; amazing values. Show to friends, others. Make quick cash. No experience needed.

29 Box Assortments, too. Retail for 60¢, \$1.00, up to \$2. Plastic, Humorous, Religious Tree Ornament Cards; many other red-hot novelties & Gift Wrapping Ass'ts, Floral Notes, Stationery, New line Christmas Gifts offer you extra profits. Write TODAY for your FREE SAMPLES.

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 625
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WITH NAME
50¢ for \$1
Others at
50¢ for \$1.25
and UP
6 Complete Imprint LINES

FREE SAMPLES

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Name-Imprinted Christmas Folders with EXCLUSIVE designs as fast from FREE Samples, 5 lines low as 50¢ for \$1—your profits high as 75¢. Gorgeous "Tip-Top" 21-Card Christmas Box, many others pay you up to 50¢ on \$1 sales. Plastic Assortments, EXCLUSIVE Name-Imprinted Notes. Big line for every buyer. Money-back Guarantee, Cash BONUS. Send for Assortments on approval, Imprint Samples FREE.

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. L10
117 W. Pearl Street, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

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"The best way of many we've tried for raising money," says Troop 2, Fessenden, N. D. Troops like yours sell Quaint Shop Greeting Cards and Stationery to earn cash profits plus American Girl subscriptions. It's the official Quaint Shop Plan, used for 16 years. Write now for free selling folder. Plan and new box of Christmas Cards on approval.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. AG3
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MAKE \$50 selling only 100 boxes of America's leading 21 card Christmas assortments. Samples on approval. Complete line plastics, gift wrappings, etc. Don't delay, write today.
Lorain Art Studios Dept. A, Vermilion, Ohio

in her hand the girls all had disappeared again.

She finally found them huddled together in the basement.

"Oh, here you are," she said. "What a funny place to eat lunch."

"We're all through," Myrtle declared loudly. "We were just leaving."

"Well, I don't need to eat now, anyhow," Rosebud said. "I just wanted to find you to ask whatever became of Our Club."

Sally shrugged her shoulders. "That old thing," she answered. "We were just little kids. It all broke up."

"I know we were little then. But it was a good idea," Rosebud's voice shook with her eagerness. "We ought to have another one. Can't we start one now, all of us here, a friendship club?"

Nobody said anything. Rosebud stared at them, but their eyes went every way but toward her. It seemed suddenly very still, and the shouts of the boys on the playground rang in her ears.

"I want to start it," she began again. "I want to start it right away. I'll have the first meeting at my house tomorrow. How many of you can come?"

She looked at Myrtle first.

"I can't," said Myrtle. "I've got a music lesson."

"My mother's going to take me shopping," Selma said.

"The next day, then?" Rosebud asked in her soft, gentle voice. "That would be just as good."

There was another period of stillness. Rosebud saw them looking at one another now and their looks said something, but it was a thing she somehow could not understand.

Then Sally's shrill voice cried, "Oh, what's the use? If she's too thick to get it, let's tell her."

"I want to start a club," Rosebud began once more to explain.

"Well, you don't need to start one for this crowd. We've got a club. We've had one

for a long time. And everybody that was in O.C. is in it but you."

Marion Carr pushed back her blond bangs with an impatient hand and stared defiantly and a little frightened at Myrtle.

"I don't care!" The words came out in a rush. "We all used to like Rosebud before she went away and I can't see that she is any different now. Even if my father says, 'Once a Jap, always a Jap,' that doesn't mean Rosebud. Why, we've known her all her life! I think we should let—"

"No," Sally cut in. "No, we don't want her in our club. It's bad enough having her in our school."

Rosebud's eyes went from one face to another. "But what did I do?"

Marion put her hand on Rosebud's arm. "Nothing, it's ridiculous—"

Sally's raised voice interrupted, "You started a war, that's what you did!"

"My father says we were silly ever to have trusted your people," Marie told her. "I don't suppose it's actually your fault, Rosebud. But it was a wicked, treacherous thing—"

Your people. Her father and mother, leaving everything behind, working and waiting so patiently in that dismal relocation camp. Her brother, half his body torn away, face downward in the mud, but saying, "Just what any soldier would do."

"I don't see why our Government doesn't send you all back to your own country, where you belong," Sally was saying scornfully.

But this was her own country. She said it out loud.

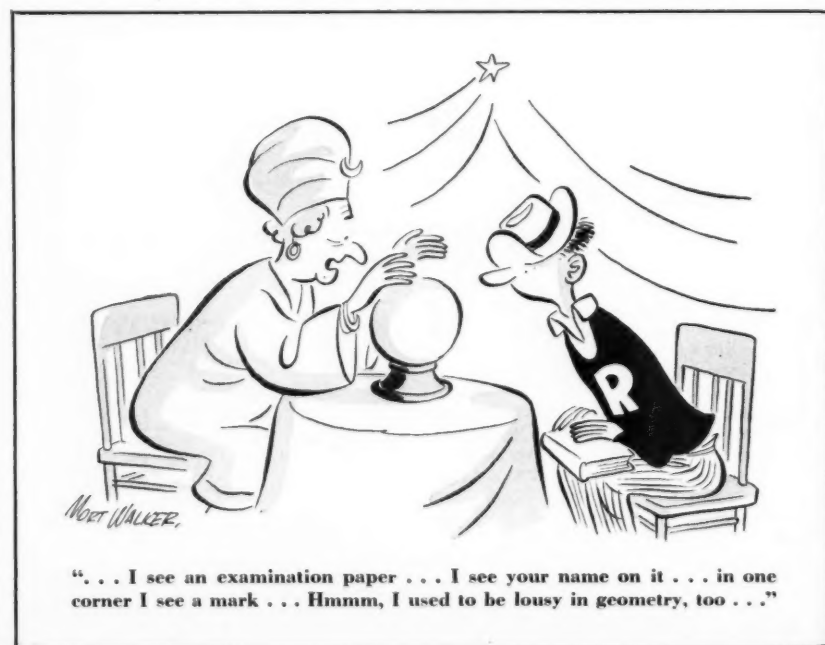
"This is my country."

"It isn't! You're a Jap."

Rosebud started to explain, to protest. Then she looked at the angry faces about her and saw it wasn't any use. "What they felt had nothing to do with facts. To people like them, she knew, a Japanese would be a Jap forever and forever."

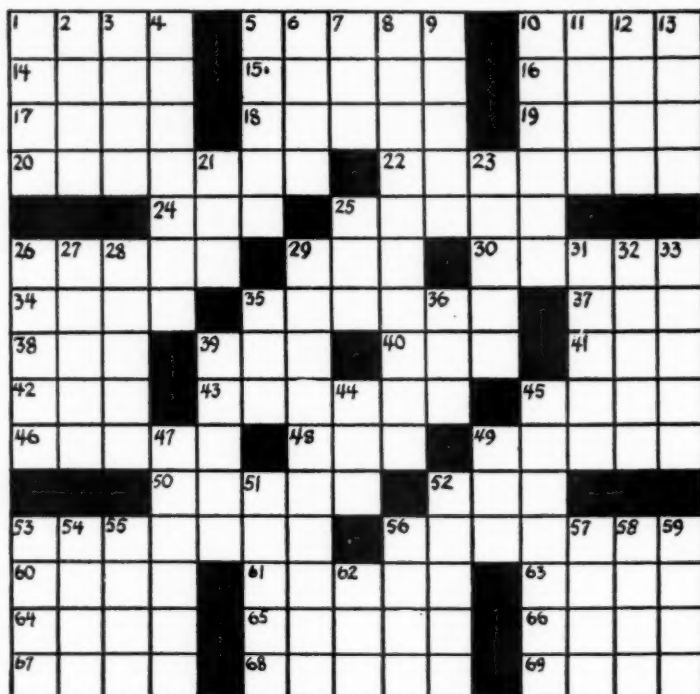
THE END

This story is a chapter from the book by the same author, "It Might Be You," to be published by Doubleday & Company, early in the fall.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Dr. Harry Langman



ACROSS

1. A palm fruit
5. Gash
10. Strike palms together
14. Space
15. Score
16. Unctuous
17. Young woman
18. Troubled
19. A fruit
20. Clothing design
22. A rubbing out
24. Before
25. Shovel
26. Gather cloth
29. Hawaiian wreath
30. Basket willow
34. Rent
35. More spiteful
37. A unit
38. Greek letter
39. Lubberly person
40. Variant of year
41. Large cask
42. Encountered
43. Vouch
45. Market
46. Snow vehicles
48. Possesses
49. Instances

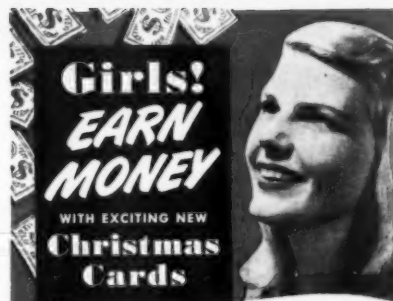
50. Cover again with vis-
cous substance
52. Equality
53. Betrayal
56. An aromatic gum from
a tree
60. Hinged metal loop
61. Perfect
63. Survive
64. Sea eagle
65. Minister to
66. Minerals
67. Reward
68. Brinks
69. Canvas shelter

DOWN

1. Moist
2. Operatic air
3. Try
4. Oriental
5. Look fixedly
6. Past participle of lie
7. Everybody
8. Somnolence
9. Fresh-water polyp
10. Thickets
11. Instead of

12. Winged
13. Funeral fire
21. Sin
23. Emblazon
25. Ocean
26. Originates from
27. Inn
28. Infuriated
29. Counterclockwise
31. Insignificant bits
32. Harden
33. Lets
35. Rug
36. Corrode
39. Fertile spots in desert
44. Head organ
45. Spoilsport
47. Festooned
49. Eccentric rotor
51. French measure of length
52. Blanches
53. Plural pronoun
54. Unusual
55. Domestic slave
56. Subterranean chamber
57. Employ
58. Part of stove
59. Remainder
62. Unit of energy

For solution, turn to page 47



IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! and Amazingly Profitable!

YOU MAKE UP TO 50¢ PER BOX!

It's a wonderful thrill to make extra money of your very own! It's easy—and you'll love every minute of it. Just show friends, neighbors and other folks you know, gorgeous nationally advertised Wallace Brown Christmas Cards. Make friendly visits, show samples—and take easy orders with BIG CASH PROFITS for you. Thousands of girls earn money this easy way. So can you! Rush the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval—along with complete details on how you can start out at once making extra spare time cash—and keep on earning money from now until Christmas.

Here's the Thrilling New 21-Card "FEATURE" CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT a "must" for everyone...

This is the most exciting Christmas Card Assortment you've ever seen! Think of it—21 gorgeous, extra large size Christmas Cards in a smart Christmas gift box—to sell for only \$1.00! You keep up to 50¢ on every box for yourself. The designs are so cheery, the colors so gay—and the clever ideas and novel features simply make folks gasp with delight. Amazing new four-page (2 in 1) cards included. No wonder it sells so easily and brings you big profits.



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They're new! They're imported! They're exclusive! So exquisitely made you actually have to look twice to see they're not hand painted. And they're the biggest, fastest money makers of the year! Now in two delightful sizes—for luncheon and dinner or for tea and "cokes"! Only \$1.00 a box, packed in a gorgeous gift box. Big profit for you! Everyone needs several boxes for daily use—and for the most desirable of gifts. Wonderfully easy seller!

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Dept. B-120, New York 10, N. Y.

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Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your club can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expense, equipment, supplies. Check the coupon if you want our Special Money-Raising Plan.

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225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
() I Am a Club Leader.

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You don't need experience to make wonderful cash earnings with our lovely Christmas Cards. All you do is call on friends and let them see FREE Samples of wonder-value Name-Imprinted Folders at 50 for \$1 and up. They buy in a hurry... you make amazing profits! Show two outstanding Assortments of 21 exquisitely designed, smartly decorated Christmas Cards. Make up to 500 on each fast-selling \$1 box! Also Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday, Plastic Cards, many other MONEY-MAKING Assortments. Special cash-making plan for churches, clubs, lodges, etc. Start earning at once. Send for samples NOW!

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748 MONROE AVE., ROCHESTER 2, N.Y.

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ASSORTMENT
50 for \$1
With Name
FREE
Samples

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Thrilling New Fad!

Your first name or nickname as the setting on a beautiful ring! Stars clear and sharp for years. Withstands washing, rubbing, wear. A thrilling keepsake—a magnificent gift! Order now. Print name to be inscribed.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail order with strip of paper for the ring size. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus few cents postage and tax. MONEY BACK if not delighted. ORDER NOW!

STEWART CO., Dept. U-365, 616 Walnut St., Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Only \$1.00

EARN BIG MONEY IN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

FREE
SAMPLES
50—\$1.00
NAME
IMPRINTED
CHRISTMAS
CARDS

Write today for free package of colorful Christmas gift cards. Receive our fast selling assortment of 31 Christmas cards on approval, together with our illustrated catalog. BIG PROFITS selling our complete line of greeting cards, wrappings, stationery and many gift items all priced within the reach of everyone. ACT NOW! You, too, can Make Far More With FANFLOUR. Churches and organizations write for our SPECIAL FUND RAISING PLAN.

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Dept. AG-8, 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

AMAZING OFFER — \$40 IS YOURS

FOR SELLING ONLY 50 BOXES CHRISTMAS CARDS. Also 50 and 25 for \$1.00 with or without name. Free samples. Other boxes on approval, including entirely new, different deluxe assortment with feature to bring card. Cut picture! Write today! It costs nothing to try. CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. AJ-4, White Plains, N.Y.

MAKE \$100.00

FREE SELL XMAS CARDS Full or Part Time NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY! Sell only 100 special Xmas card deals. Your cost only 75c each regardless of quantity ordered at one time! Your PROFIT \$1.00 on each and every deal! Write today for details of complete line. Make More Money with Creative. Costs nothing to try! Feature boxes on approval.

CREATIVE ART PUBLISHERS, Inc.
45 Warburton Ave., Dept. A1, Yonkers 2, N.Y.

wait!

"Customers wait for our Quaint Shop Cards," says Mrs. Marshall, Troop 61, Greyskill, Wyo. "Girls sell 20 to 30 boxes each! Why don't you write today for official Quaint Shop Plan, used by Girl Scouts for 14 years to earn Extra Dollars."

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. AG4
Attention: Julia Dempsey
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

NO MORE MONEY WORRIES!

INCREASE YOUR INCOME with CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Sure cure for your money problems! Sell exquisite new Christmas Cards. Friends, others buy quickly! 50 for \$1.00 with Name Imprinted. You make fine profits showing FREE Samples! Also show big-value \$1 card \$1 Christmas assortments. Up to 100% profit. Date Address, Finance Boxes, Religious, Humorous, Gift Wraps, Everyday, many more Boxes. Get FREE Samples Personal Cards, 21 card Box on approval. Write!

PHILLIPS CARD CO., 722 HUNT ST., NEWTON, MASS.

WANT CASH QUICK

Complete line Xmas, Everyday Cards. Sell only 100 "Prize" 21-card \$1 Xmas Ass'tment—make \$50! New "Starlettes" Xmas Box; Name Imprinted Xmas Cards, 40 for \$1 up; Plastic; Wraps; Notes; etc. Up to 100% profit & bonus. "Prize" & "Starlettes" Boxes on approval. Money back guarantee.

HERTELART, 305 W. Adams St., Dept. E-1, Chicago 6, Ill.



by Marjorie Cinta

The Seventh Step. By HELEN GIRVAN. Rinehart & Company, \$2.25.

For a hot August day, we recommend this mystery, laid in Bermuda with plenty of swimming and sailing, peopled by interesting characters with varied problems, and embellished with a secret staircase which led nowhere, the ghost of a gentleman pirate, and a disappearing collection of valuable Staffordshire figurines. Gay, impulsive, more or less undependable Pat Ward had no thought of a career when she planned to go to college. Her father's sudden remarriage sent her off to stay with an aunt at Cedarhead, the Bermuda estate which a successful privateer had built in 1807. Running off like that in a fit of jealousy, without waiting to learn to know her new stepmother, it seemed almost unfair that Pat should be presented with a romantic mystery, and a group of pleasant young people to help in its solving. But in finding the answer to the questions—What is the mystery of the seventh step? Which of the five suspects is making off with the Staffordshire cats? Who is the figure in the big hat and boots?—Pat found the answers to her personal problems.

Celia's Lighthouse. By ANN MOLLOY. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.50.

Can you imagine anything more fun than to grow up in a lighthouse on a wave-and-wind-swept rock in the Atlantic? Celia Lighthouse was five in 1839 when her father, defeated for Governor, turned his back on the mainland and became keeper of the Isles of Shoals light off Portsmouth, New Hampshire. "Why do you persist in doing this unreasonable thing? Is it fair to expose your family to these dangers?" demanded father's friend Mr. Gilman. All the years she lived at the lighthouse Celia found herself defending her island home in imaginary conversations with Mr. Gilman. She helped care for the light, learned to swim (even though at that time it wasn't considered suitable for young ladies), invented fascinating games to play with her brothers and Betsy the cow. There was so much love and comradeship, so much fun and excitement on Celia's island that the seasons seemed fairly to chase one another through the years. There was the

"winter of the big storm"; "the summer Mr. Thaxter first came out" to be the children's schoolmaster, and Celia was enchanted with his poetry reading. You will always remember Celia and her lighthouse because of the unforgettable way in which the author has succeeded in conveying the reactions of a happy, sensitive child, and the drama and excitement of the little things of everyday living in this unusual spot; the pleasant rhythm of the seasons; the snug sense of a happy family shut in their stanch stone house and dependent on one another for company through the long winters; the beauty and freedom of the summers, when half of Portsmouth came to visit. In no time at all Celia, at fifteen, was discovering that the lovely things she had been telling Mr. Gilman about her island through the years were really poems. Two years later she was married and on her way to becoming the poetess Celia Lighthouse Thaxter—for Celia was a real girl, and her lighthouse still stands.

Movie Shoes. By NOEL STREATHFIELD. Random House, \$2.50.

When their father's health made it necessary for the family to spend the winter in California, each of the young Winters—Rachel, Jane, and Tim—had a different reason for hating to leave England. Rachel, the dancer, had just been offered a part in a big musical production. Tim, the musician, was about to receive lessons from England's foremost pianist. Jane, the middle one, couldn't bear to leave Chewing Gum, the dog, which, she often thought, was the only member of the family to whom she was important. Aunt Cora, with whom they stayed, was a trial; and not having been allowed to take any money to speak of out of England made things difficult. If the young Winters were to have any spending money, it was up to them to set about earning it at once. But who could believe that it was to Jane, the difficult one—the plain, inartistic, untalented one—that the ripe plum of a star part in a movie would fall? But if you think that stroke of luck automatically raised Jane to the position of importance she craved, or gave her a life of ease and luxury, you'd better read the story.

THE END

Journey for Pat

(Continued from page 13)

questions about my mother and father and all the old neighbors. After things subsided a bit, Mrs. Moore went to the kitchen and brought back a tray with plates of fresh figs for each of us, and hot coffee.

"These figs grew on our own tree, Pat," she explained. "We raise our own olives, too. And we have roses in the yard nearly the year round."

"It must be wonderful," I said. "And this is such a pretty house." The floor was red tile, the walls were pale yellow plaster, and there were dark beams across the ceiling. The furniture was almost black, and carved—Spanish, I guess. On the table was an olla—an Indian water jug—filled with oleanders.

It looked altogether different from our living room, which has a faded carpet, a lot of walnut furniture, family photographs, and other knickknacks.

"You must be tired, Pat, dear," Mrs. Moore remarked finally. "Janie, we must let her go to bed. And don't talk all night."

JANIE and I said good night and went to our room. It was really after we had bathed and were in bed, with the candy I had brought Janie between us, that our visit began in earnest.

"You've come at exactly the right moment," Janie told me. "I'm going with a boy named Tony Andrews, and he has a visitor from Hollywood, Henry Hemingway, who is anxious to meet you. And honestly, Pat, I think he looks like Dana Andrews, only more virile."

"I don't care for men who are too virile," I said, "if by that you mean wolfish. I had a date at Easter with a virile-looking football player from U.T., and we didn't get along at all. He said I was a little primrose, with the accent on the prim."

"I'm sure Henry is nothing like that," Janie said. "Tony wouldn't have recommended him. Tony is so nice." Her face glowed. "His mother is Italian, and his father is an Australian doctor, a T.B. specialist."

"I'm glad I'm going to meet Tony," I assured her. "I thought the pictures you sent me of him were cute."

"The boys are going to take us to climb Camelback Mountain tomorrow afternoon," she said, "and we're going to eat supper at the inn afterward." She took a chocolate-covered caramel. "Mother and Dad are going to chaperon us on a trip to the Grand Canyon next week end. And while you're here we are going to drive over to Tombstone and show you what's left of a bad mining town."

"It all sounds terrific!" I exclaimed. "I'm so thrilled!" I hesitated. "There's just one fly in the ointment."

"What's that?" asked Janie, peeping to see what the second layer of chocolates had to offer. "Don't tell me you're in love with some Joe back home and can't get him off your mind, even for two weeks."

"Mercy, no!" I replied hastily. "I like Roddy, of course, but he's in Washington now. I liked Sandy even more, only I am afraid we're washed up. But this is a lot more serious than heart trouble." Then I told her all about the letter from Mrs. Holland.

"Well, I wouldn't let it worry me," she

said comfortably. "Wire her you are terribly sorry, but you've changed your mind."

"But she's expecting me next Monday, Janie!" I wailed. "I hate for her to think I would break my word. It's partly selfish, too, because I may want to teach riding up there next summer. And I know she'll never give me another chance if I stand her up this time."

"Well, write her a long, apologetic letter and explain everything," Janie said. "She should see your point of view and sympathize. It isn't as if she had offered to pay you a salary. Anyway, forget it for tonight. Now tell me why you and Sandy are washed up."

WE TALKED until nearly dawn, and then Janie went to sleep. I fell into a doze, then suddenly came wide awake and sat up in bed.

I remembered Sandy had told me he was going to Camp Nokomis with his mother on the week end to take his little sister there. His mother and Mrs. Holland were lifelong friends.

Now it dawned on me that if I called Sandy and explained my plight to him, he might be able to get his mother to smooth things over and keep Mrs. Holland from judging me too harshly. To ask a favor of Sandy, after the way he had acted, wasn't easy, but I was desperate. I would time my letter to Mrs. Holland to arrive on Saturday. I heaved a big sigh, flopped back on my pillow, and immediately fell into a heavy sleep.

After a very late breakfast, Janie and I went shopping for some groceries. I seized

the opportunity to call Sandy from a pay station. He sounded scared when he heard my voice.

"Gosh, Pat!" he exclaimed. "What's wrong? Have you had an accident?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," I answered airily. "It's just that I'm in one of my little jams, and I thought you might be willing to help me out."

"Why sure, you know I will," he assured me.

Then I explained my difficulty and asked him if he would try to get his mother to intercede for me with Mrs. Holland. "Ask her to explain that I'm not so scatterbrained, as a rule, and that I do have a sense of responsibility, but that Janie and I have been friends practically since birth, and when I got the chance to visit her and had to get ready on such short notice, everything else just passed right out of my mind."

"Okay," he said. "Mother will do her best, and she's pretty good."

"Thanks a million," I said. "Janie's waiting for me. By."

"Good-by, Pat," he said. "Have a good time."

His voice had the old friendly ring to it, but how much was just simple politeness I couldn't tell.

Afterwards I wished bitterly I had said, "Someone is waiting for me," and let him guess who. I have no finesse. If I die an old maid I guess I will have only myself to blame.

When we got back to Janie's house, I wrote the letter and copied it carefully. Once it was posted, the weight on my chest began to lighten.

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Send me—for FREE TRIAL—sample assortments on approval and money-making plan. Also Free Stationery Samples and Free Book, "How to Make Money and Friends."

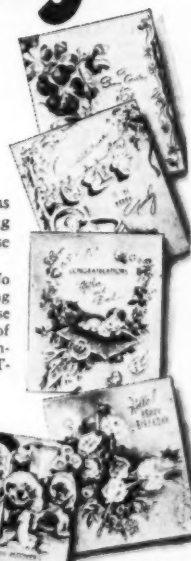
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City & State

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You'll be thrilled to see how easy it is to make extra money just by showing Midwest Christmas Cards! We furnish you with FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Greetings selling as low as \$50 for \$1. Six value-packed imprint lines. Friends, others buy these lovely cards on sight. Each order pays you a wonderful profit!

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21-Card Deluxe Christmas Box sells at \$1—you keep up to 60¢ per box! Sensational new PLASTICS, Secret Pal, Eastern Star, Relative, Gift Wraps, Everyday, KIDDY Cards, Books, Records, All fast-sellers. No experience needed. Extra Cash Bonus. Get your FREE Samples of National Christmas Cards. 2 Feature boxes on approval. Write! **MIDWEST CARD CO., 415 N. 8th St. DEPT. 10-P, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.**

50¢ for \$1 WITH NAME

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

Show FREE Christmas Card Samples

Friends, others delighted with amazing new NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at 50¢ for \$1.50, up. You make big money showing FREE Samples. Up to 100% Cash profit on fast-selling 21-Card \$1 Christmas Assortment, Plastic Cards, Picture-View, Everyday, big line. No experience needed. Fast, friendly service. Write NOW for Free Imprinted Samples and \$1 Box on approval. **BOULEVARD ART, 75 W. Van Buren, Dept. 54B, Chicago, Ill.**

Enjoy A BIG INCOME!

MONEY FOR YOU—SELL FREE SAMPLES

CHRISTMAS CARDS—UP TO 100% PROFIT

55¢ profit selling 100 LEADER boxes. Complete line 50¢ fast selling Christmas, Everyday, Plastic Cards, Special Items. Big variety cards, napkins, stationery with name 50¢ for \$1 up. No money needed to start. Gift offers. Cash bonus. Write for samples. **EMPIRE CARD CO., 230 FOX ST. ELMIRA, N. Y.**

50¢ for \$1 WITH NAME

NAME PRINTED CARDS, NAPKINS AND STATIONERY

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN CHRISTMAS CARDS

MAKES Extra MONEY FAST

Gorgeous Satin Velour & Plastic Show Rich New Cards never before offered. Amazing Value! Get Easy orders FAST! Pays up to 100% Cash Profit. FREE SAMPLES of Gorgeous Christmas Cards With Name 50¢ for \$1. Imprinted Stationery, Floral Charmettes, Napkins, 50 other assortments 50¢ to \$1.25. Samples on approval. Write today for Samples and money-making facts. **PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 91-K, St. Louis 3, Mo.**

50¢ for \$1 WITH NAME

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Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS

Plastic Cards for Christmas and Everyday. Also lovely EMBOSSSED Christmas Cards WITH NAME. Sell themselves at 50¢ for \$1.25, up. Amazing \$1 "Southern Beauty" Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards pays you up to 100% profit. Complete line of fast-sellers. Write for Samples on approval. **SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO., 216 South Pauline Street, Dept. C-5, MEMPHIS 4, TENN.**

MONEY

We guarantee you \$50.00 for selling 100 boxes 21 for \$1 Xmas cards; also 50 and 25 for \$1 with name on; also Napkins and Stationery. No experience needed. Costs nothing to try. Samples and Selling Plan on approval.

WELCOME

368 Plane Street Dept. F Newark, N. J.

AMAZING

We guarantee you \$50.00 for selling 100 boxes 21 for \$1 Xmas cards; also 50 and 25 for \$1 with name on; also Napkins and Stationery. No experience needed. Costs nothing to try. Samples and Selling Plan on approval.

MERIT, 370 Plane St., Dept. B, Newark, N. J.

EASY EXTRA MONEY

Show friends sensational 21-Card \$1 Christmas Assortment with Patented Television Card. Sells like wild fire! Up to 100% profit. 50¢ per Name-Imprinted line. 50¢ for \$1, up. New PLASTIC Christmas Cards, many other money-makers. **SAMPLES ON APPROVAL. IDEAL CARD CO., Dept. K-4, 165 N. HILL AVE., PASADENA 4, CALIF.**

Sell New CHRISTMAS CARDS From Sunny California

Brand New! Bring You BIG MONEY!

Amazingly Different and Smart CHRISTMAS CARDS!

NEW 2-IN-1 PLASTICS

Take easy orders for new Christmas Cards. Pays up to 100% cash profit. A big line of Christmas Everyday Assortments, 60¢ up. Christmas Cards WITH NAME 50¢ for \$1, up. Imprinted Stationery. Get Sample on approval. Imprints FREE! Write **NORTH STAR, 31 GLENWOOD, DEPT. A-3, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

50¢ for \$1 With Name

After lunch, Janie and I bathed and dressed for our mountain climbing, and about half past two the boys came to call for us.

Tony was just exactly as I had pictured him, but Hemingway was even more dramatic-looking than I had expected he would be.

Not Dana Andrews—John Barrymore, I thought. If John Barrymore were alive and twenty years old, of course. Because Hemingway has the same moody face and Melancholy Dane smile, and a profile that ought to earn him lots of money. I felt like a country bumpkin, but I tried not to show him I was impressed, because nothing can do a girl more harm than to show a boy she thinks he is a big wheel.

It was a celestial day. The air was so dry and clear, it made you feel you were floating.

We climbed to the highest point of Camelback and sat down to rest. The Salt River Valley lay below us. The green alfalfa fields, the groves of olives and citrus fruits, gave it a Garden-of-Eden look. And the city of Phoenix, stretched out in the sun, looked as clean and prosperous as a smooth, well-fed cat.

"It's more beautiful than I had imagined," I told them. "That Golden West is strictly up to specifications, as far as I am concerned."

"Wait till you see the mesa and the town of Tombstone," Janie said. "It's more like the West you read about."

Tony had a camera and we took pictures. We used color film because the sky was a burning blue, the mountain was tawny gold, the valley was greener than life, like quick-frozen vegetables. What made it still more like a movie set was Hemingway. He had posed professionally, and I couldn't help noticing that his gorgeous profile was always presented to the camera at the right moment.

Later, when we went to the inn to eat, Hemingway was really in his element. He is the kind headwaiters always address by name.

We had a conspicuous table and lots of people stared at us, or rather at him. I know they wondered who he was. I don't mean he was ostentatious, but he couldn't be inconspicuous if he tried. I could feel my ego expanding, and I really wished my friends back home could see me with such a man of the world.

WHEN dinner was over we went back to Janie's house, and several other boys and girls dropped in to dance. Janie has lots of good records, and the tiled floor in the living room and the terrace at the back of it are good to dance on.

Janie has a cute crowd of friends. They were all nice and cut in on me a lot. But of course none of them compared to Hemingway in looks and *savoir-faire*. I could tell that the girls envied me no end. And never having been a belle like Lucy Ellen, naturally I was thrilled to have the prize beau.

"I don't know how you did it," Janie told me later, when we were rolling up our hair. "He looks like the kind who would be really elusive, but you seem to have put him under a spell. You've got a date with him tomorrow, haven't you?"

I only nodded. I certainly didn't want to brag.

Westerners seem to be boiling with

energy, even in hot weather, and there was something to do every minute of the time.

We swam and hiked and played tennis and rode horseback. Hemingway isn't the athletic type, so I saw him mostly in the evening.

Sometimes, when we sat on the terrace and he talked about his ambitions, I was simply spellbound. Hemingway has read a lot and traveled a lot—it makes him more adult, I guess. It wasn't easy for me to talk to anybody like that, but I didn't need to say much. I discovered that all I had to do was to listen in a sympathetic manner.

"You are such an inspiration, Patricia," he would murmur. Since I'd never been called an inspiration before, it gave me a giddy feeling. I wondered how I could ever have been so bothered by Sandy's dates with the visitor. All that seemed very juvenile to me now, and I took a sort of malicious pleasure in thinking how I would show him, when I got home, that he was too young to interest me, even if he really tried.

It worried me that I hadn't heard from Sandy since my telephone call, nor from Mrs. Holland. I didn't know whether I was in the doghouse or out. I tried not to let it bother me too much, and I succeeded most of the time.

A FEW DAYS before I was supposed to start for home, I got a letter from Mother suggesting I bring Janie back for a month's visit, if possible. Janie was delighted with the idea, but when we put it before her mother and father they weren't at all keen on her being away for the rest of the summer. They said they would have to think it over.

I remembered Lucy Ellen had suggested Janie go home with us, too, so I knew she and Harry wouldn't mind the extra passenger.

But if Janie *could* come, what would I do with her when we got there? Believe me, that was a big problem. Just when I had ceased to agonize over Mrs. Holland because there was nothing more I could do about that, here was a new worry. After all the good times I had had at Janie's house, I would be everlastingly disgraced to have nothing but a rocking chair on the front porch to offer her for entertainment. But with Roddy in Washington and no word from Sandy, I was certainly short on beaux.

My visit drew to a close, faster and faster. We had done everything Janie had planned and a lot she hadn't. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Moore agreed that Janie could come home with me, and I began in earnest to rack my brains about what I would do to entertain her.

My last night in Phoenix, I had a date with Hemingway, as usual. He brought me a parting gift—a book of poems, absolutely incomprehensible to me. He read some of them aloud. To my horror, I found myself yawning. He didn't notice it—at least I don't think he did, because he kept right on reading. Finally I got so tired, I felt like yawning out loud. When he got up to go at last, was I ever glad! I'd had enough of Hemingway! You can have more fun with an ordinary boy like Sandy than with a movie-hero type. But Sandy was probably lost to Linda Lou.

Janie came in a little later and dropped down on the couch beside me. "I guess you're the maiden all forlorn," she said.

Jokes

SHOPPING AROUND

An old lady stepped up to the ticket window in the railway station and asked, "How much is a ticket to Cleveland?" "Two dollars and sixty-five cents," replied the ticket seller.

The old lady turned to the little girl by her side and said, "I guess we may as well buy our tickets here. I've asked at all these windows, and they all charge the same price."

Sent by MARY KAY WATSON, Flint, Michigan

CONTINUOUS SHOW

Miss Movie Fan (at her first ball game): "Oh, I like this! Let's stay and see that part over again where he makes the home run."

Sent by MARY LOU KIRKE, Lakewood, Ohio

OUCH!

Two little boys came into a dentist's office:

LITTLE BOY: I want a tooth pulled, and I don't want gas, because I'm in a hurry.

DENTIST: That's a brave boy! Which tooth is it?

LITTLE BOY: Show him your tooth, Albert!

Sent by MARGARET PHILLIPS, Oklahoma City, Okla.

ILLITERATE

JACK: I've lost my dog.

JANE: Did you advertise for him in the paper?

JACK: It wouldn't do any good—he can't read.

Sent by SHARON LEUTY, Holly, Colorado

POINT OF VIEW

MAN: Fishing, youngster?

BOY: No, just drowning worms.

Sent by JOAN WINTER, Riverdale, Maryland

ENCORE!

A concert was being held in a village schoolroom, and it was Sandy's turn to give a bagpipe solo. When he had finished, and the applause had died down, a voice from the back shouted, "Give us 'Annie Laurie,' Sandy!"

"What?" asked Sandy.

"Again?"

Sent by FRANCES BOWKER, Laguna Beach, California

FARSIGHTED

NANCY: So you need two pairs of glasses—one for reading and one for distance. But why did you buy a third pair?

JOAN: Oh, these are to look for the other two pairs.

Sent by BARBARA BRAUER, Evanston, Illinois

SPEEDIER

GROCER: Have you been to the zoo?

DELIVERY BOY: No, sir.

GROCER: Well, you ought to go some time. You'd get a kick out of watching the turtles zip past!

Sent by RUBY PEPLINSKI, Amherst, Wisconsin

BATTER UPI

JIM: Why is a game of baseball like a buckwheat cake?

JANET: I don't know. Why is it?

JIM: Because success depends on the batter.

Sent by CAROLE CECIL, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"All these recipes need something called ingredients, and I haven't got any!"

ANSWER

to Crossword Puzzle on page 43

D	A	T	E	S	L	A	S	H	C	L	A	P
A	R	E	A	T	A	L	L	I	O	I	L	Y
M	I	S	S	A	I	L	E	D	P	E	A	R
P	A	T	T	E	R	N	E	R	A	S	E	R
				E	R	E		S	P	A	D	E
S	H	I	R	R	L	E	I	O	S	I	E	R
T	O	R	N	M	E	A	N	E	R	O	N	E
E	T	A	O	A	F	E	A	N	T	U	N	
M	E	T	A	T	T	E	S	T	M	A	R	T
S	L	E	D	S	H	A	S	C	A	S	E	S
				R	E	T	A	R	P	A	R	
T	R	E	A	S	O	N	C	A	M	P	H	O
H	A	S	P	I	D	E	A	L	L	I	V	E
E	R	N	E	S	E	R	V	E	O	R	E	S
M	E	E	D	E	D	G	E	S	T	E	N	T

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AMERICAN
GIRL
PATTERNS



Check pattern number and size and enclose 25c (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 24-25

- ☐ 9027—Dress with Buttons on Shoulders and Hips
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 9314—Dress with Wing Ruffles
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4576—Casual Dress with Back Fullness
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 9141—Jumper and Blouse Combination
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 4702—Three-Piece Suit with Butterfly Bolero
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 4814—Shirt Dress with Cuffed Pockets
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

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MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL
Pattern Department
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

"Hemingway is not my type, Janie," I told her. "Sometimes I wonder if he means all he says. He acts all the time."

"You mean he just pretended to be nuts about you?" she asked.

"I believe the only one he really cares much about is himself," I answered.

The next morning we were up at the crack of dawn to get our bags packed. About noon Lucy Ellen and Harry drove up, complete with suntans and dark glasses, and Mrs. Moore served us all a wonderful picnic lunch out on the terrace. When we started to leave, Mrs. Moore wiped her eyes, and Mr. Moore blew his nose. Parents are alike the world over, I guess, bless their hearts.

On the trip home I wasn't as lighthearted as I pretended to be. I had the letdown feeling you have when you have to face facts after you've been up in the clouds. Mrs. Holland was probably off me for life, and Sandy evidently was no longer interested, because I hadn't heard a word from him. I tried to prepare Janie for a dull visit.

"Listen, Janie, things won't be as lively as what you are used to," I said.

"Don't worry!" she laughed. "Seeing Tennessee again will be exciting enough. I want to watch the bluegrass grow and eat fried ham for breakfast."

The nearer we came to home, the more impatient I got. The miles seemed to get longer, and home seemed to retreat, rather than draw closer. It was the first time I had ever been on a long trip. I had never known before how your heart can ache and swell and your eyes blur when you begin to recognize familiar landmarks. The French have a saying, *C'est mon pays*, or something like that. Our teacher said it doesn't mean "This is my country," so much as "This is the spot of earth that belongs to me, or that I belong to." So when I saw the first bluegrass pastures with the limestone rocks, and a quick-running little stream, and some whitewashed fences, I had that feeling. Oceans, mountains, deserts, grand canyons, templed hills—all have their place; but home is worth all of them put together.

They were expecting us, and Mother had put her best foot forward. Father had on his new summer suit, Tommy had a haircut, and Aunt Susan wore a white apron. There were flowers all over the house. It was almost suppertime when we got there, and

needless to say, Mother had a feast ready for us.

It was when we were all at the table, and Father had said the blessing, that we became coherent enough to tell them about our trip, and to hear the news of what had happened while we were away. And if you'll believe me, it was all good.

"Pop sold the colt," Tommy told me. "He got a hundred and seventy-five dollars. The cut healed up okay."

"Good," I said. Under cover of the general conversation, I whispered to him, "Have

GARNET LODGE

"Jinky put her hand right through the gliding, white-robed figure and touched the wall beyond." Was it the ghost of Great-uncle Stephen, enraged at the transformation of his old home into a ski lodge? A good many strange and frightening things happen before you learn the answer in the exciting new mystery serial.

by Frances Duncombe

Beginning in September

you seen Sandy lately?"

"Yeah, just about every day," he answered in a bored tone.

"Pat, dear, I forgot to tell you, you have a letter from camp," Mother said. "It's been here several days, but I thought it best not to forward it, for fear you wouldn't get it before you left Phoenix."

The minute I could, I left the table and went upstairs to read the letter from Mrs. Holland. I had a sinking feeling in my heart as I cut open the envelope.

My dear Patricia,

Needless to say, I was surprised to learn that you had forgotten about applying for the job at camp. My first reaction was annoyance and disappointment in you. I had formed a high opinion of your reliability, and I hated to revise it.

However, my dear and good friend, Elizabeth Sanders, explained all the circumstances to me, and I began to feel more lenient in my judgment. Perhaps another year we shall be able to work things out upon a more business-like basis.

Yours most sincerely,
MARY CALHOUN HOLLAND

I replaced the letter in the envelope. A warm surge of gratitude to Mrs. Sanders filled my heart. I wanted to go right over and thank her, but I knew I couldn't do it. Sandy might think I was using that as a pretext for seeing him.

"Telephone, Pat!" called Janie from the bottom of the stairs. It was wonderful to see her down there in the hall, looking as much at home as ever.

"Masculine voice!" she whispered as she handed me the receiver.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi, Pat! Welcome home!" It was Sandy's voice. "Gee, I'm glad you're back. I sure have missed you. It seems years since you left."

"It didn't seem long to me," I answered sweetly. "Hearing from you so often was such a help."

"Aw, Pat, you know I can't write letters," he protested. "Anyway, you sounded so starchy on the telephone, I decided you didn't want to hear from me."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," I said.

"Be yourself," he answered. "I want to come over for a little while. May I?"

"Love to have you," I said. "I want you to meet Janie. I know you like visitors."

"What do you take me for, a target?" he growled. "I'm coming over to give you a piece of my mind. I'll bring my cousin, Slim Simms. He's over from Chattanooga for the rest of the summer. He likes visitors better than I do. See you in a few minutes, Patty!"

THE END

Trayton Studios



Meet Your Representatives

Photographed left is THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine's new Advisory Board in action. These girls, all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, meet with the editors each month to present the teen point of view on good grooming and fashion. Thus, indirectly, each one of you has a hand in selecting the merchandise shown. Last May, after previewing a group of new back-to-school clothes for fall, 1949, they solidly endorsed the large pockets, corduroy, traditional plaids, and softer sweaters featured in this issue. At the last meeting, they preferred tweed winter coats with zip-in linings and full backs. You'll see them in the October AMERICAN GIRL. Won't you write us how you feel about these Teen-Tested Fashions?

Our August Fashions Are at the Following Stores

PRIZE PURCHASE shown on page 19

Write to these stores (the address given below is sufficient) for that "extra special" pique-and-plaid school dress

City and State	Store
Altoona, Pa.	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlantic City, N. J.	M. E. Blatt Co.
Austin, Tex.	Yaring's
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Bridgeport, Conn.	Howland's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adam & Co.
Burlington, Ia.	J. S. Schramm Co.
Camden, Ark.	Copeland's
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair
Cincinnati, O.	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros.
Clearfield, Pa.	Leitzinger Bros.
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger Bros.
Denver, Colo.	May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Galveston, Tex.	Schwartz's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Kokomo, Ind.	W. H. Turner Co.
Herkimer, N. Y.	Munger's

City and State	Store
Lehigh, Pa.	Cohen's Dept. Store
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller & Paine
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Baker Co.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Weber's Girls Shop
New York, N. Y.	McCreery's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Halliburton's
Old Town, Me.	H. M. Goldsmith
Olympia, Wash.	Paulson's Salon
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Dils Bros. & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.
Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Roanoke, Va.	Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Ia.	Yunker Davidson's
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
Stamford, Conn.	The C. O. Miller Co.
Troy, N. Y.	Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.	Buck's, Inc.

FASHIONS SHOWN ON PAGES 22, 23, AND 26

COTTON DRESSES FOR SUBTEENS

shown on page 22

Baltimore, Md.,	Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass.,	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Abraham & Straus
Detroit, Mich.,	Hudson's
Hartford, Conn.,	G. Fox
New York, N. Y.,	McCreery's
Washington, D. C.,	Woodward & Lothrop

COTTON DRESSES FOR TEENS

shown on page 23

Buffalo, N. Y.,	J. N. Adam
Philadelphia, Pa.,	Strawbridge & Clothier
St. Louis, Mo.,	Famous-Barr
Washington, D. C.,	Woodward & Lothrop

CHUBBY WARDROBE

shown on page 26

Boston, Mass.,	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Abraham & Straus
Philadelphia, Pa.,	Gimbel Bros.
Washington, D. C.,	Woodward & Lothrop



ON OUR AUGUST COVER

Thirteen year old Carol Sherman models for her pin money. She also enjoys playing the violin, and Saturday-night social dancing classes. On the cover Carol wears Petiteen's checked cotton dress with pique wing collar and deep pockets. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$9, at stores below.

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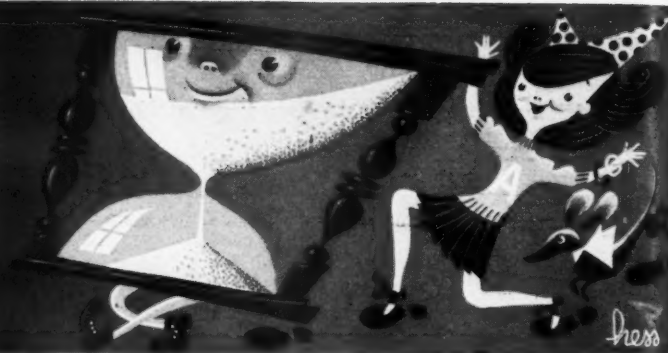
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"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for. The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Wings of Mercy

In one respect, British nurses today are literally a jump ahead of their American sisters. In a regular course at the Royal Air Force's Parachute and Glider School in Upper Heyforth, Oxfordshire, graduate nurses who volunteer for this special duty are being trained to parachute down to crashed aircraft.

The parachuting nurses are being assigned to medical units made up of one medical officer who is a qualified doctor, two nursing orderlies, and two nurses. Each unit will carry with it two hundred pounds of medical equipment. The unit members will carry small items, such as bandages, in their knapsacks when they jump; heavier equipment will be dropped from the plane after the medical workers have landed.

Once on the ground, the orderlies will pitch a special lightweight tent and prepare stretchers and litters. The doctor will examine the victims—even operate immediately, if necessary—and the nurse will assist him.

Air Marshal P. C. Livingstone, director-general of medical services of the RAF, says that many lives can be saved by these parachuting medical units, which will be especially valuable in inaccessible Arctic regions.

At the moment we have no similar organization in the United States, but Jacqueline Cochran, director of the Women's Air Force Service Pilots (the WASP) during the war, is trying to start one. If she succeeds, the organization will probably be faced with the same problem as the RAF school—too many applicants!

Memorial in the Badlands

A weird valley in the heart of the northern plains, which the Indians once called "the-place-where-the-hills-look-at-each-other," is our newest national park. It is the Roosevelt National Memorial Park, in the Badlands of North Dakota where the young "Teddy" (later President Theodore) Roosevelt once had a cattle ranch.

The area, which the State has been developing into a memorial for the past twenty years, was formally made a national preserve in June of this year, and is now open to hikers, campers, and visitors who come to study its strange welter of bare ridges and hills, pyramids, cones, buttes, and domes. The buttes are striped with the brown, red, gray, and yellow of sand and clay. To make it even more weird, veins of coal, which have been burning underground for centuries, give off clouds of steam and smoke, which make

parts of the cliffs appear to be on fire. A large area of the seventy thousand acres of this strange park is petrified forests.

The Sioux Indians have this legend about the region: In the days when the valley was rich with grass and game, tribes from the plains went there every autumn to hunt. But one year a fierce mountain tribe attacked the plainsmen, and the Great Spirit, angered by the fighting, sent down from the sky a terrible lightning storm, and kindled fires in the earth. When the storm was over, the land was twisted in grotesque waves as it is today.

Actually, the strange formations are the

LET'S EAT!

Vacation is a wonderful time to visit different parts of the country and taste the specialty foods of each region. Where would you go to find each of these dishes?

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Scrapple | 4. Maple syrup |
| 2. Abalone steak | 5. Pralines |
| 3. Baked beans | 6. Tortillas |

ANSWERS

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Philadelphia | 3. Boston |
| 2. San Francisco | 4. Vermont |
| 5. New Orleans | 6. New Mexico |

result of sea pressure. Eons ago, geologists say, a long arm of the sea stretched over what is now North Dakota, and when it receded, swamps appeared, which in turn developed into forests. Later the seas returned and covered the forests with a crushing load of silt. Then the ancestor of the river now called the Little Missouri cut a zigzag course over the silt plain and turned it into a jagged, wandering valley.

In 1883, Theodore Roosevelt, then twenty-five, went to the Badlands to improve his health. The future President ran a cattle ranch there until 1887, but after a severe winter in which he lost most of his herd, he returned to the East. But he left behind him many firm friends, who proved they had not forgotten him by dedicating this national park as a memorial to him.

Intuition, Plus

Many people smile at the phrase "a woman's intuition," but in the city of Los Angeles one woman's intuition, in combina-

tion with cold, factual business machines, has helped solve some of the city's most baffling crimes.

Mrs. Rhoda Cross was a clerk in the Los Angeles police department twenty-six years ago when the famous criminologist, August Vollmer, noticed her unusual flair for statistics. He gave her an office of her own, and asked her to figure out ways in which to cut down the city's crime toll.

Mrs. Cross realized that no police officer could keep in mind all the details on all the crimes committed in the city. So she set up a key-punch system for the police records, and tabulated in code the history of every crime and criminal, every missing person, every traffic violation. She now has 12,000,000 cards, which can be sorted by machines covered with spikes that lift out all cards punched in any given pattern. If, for example, Mrs. Cross should want to find the names of all the men with blue eyes, black hair, and a slight limp who had been convicted of burglary, she would merely set a machine and out would drop the cards of criminals with these particular characteristics.

All of Mrs. Cross' assistants are women, for they seem to have the intuition and patience required for this work. With the endless combinations of cards which might solve a crime, sometimes many experiments must be made before the right combination comes up—and often it is because of a "hunch" of one of the women that the right combination is tried. For example, one day an assistant had a hunch, and ran through the cards describing a number of unsolved burglaries to find the occupations of the victims. Twelve of them proved to be employees of the same company. Police traced the crime to an office boy in the company, who knew the addresses and working hours of the victims.

On another occasion, an assistant noticed that there had been a number of burglaries in which the thief had used matches instead of a flashlight, and had stolen food as well as valuables. She put the cards through the machine to see how many other burglars had followed this particular pattern, and found records of three such criminals. Two were in jail. Police went to the home of the third—and found the stolen goods.

Mrs. Cross' system helps prevent crime as well as solve it, for her cards show where police are most needed; which type of crime-prevention work is most effective. And she is proving the value of "woman's intuition," especially when it is teamed up with scientific methods and infinite patience.

THE END

School bells ringing...
Take these along, and you'll be singing~

...Notes of praise for
these school favorites!



For 'rithmetic wizardry . . . elegant green six-in-one lizardgator purse has bill compartment + snapshot and card sections + mirror + coin rack = love at first sight! Slit in back for wearing on belt. Trefoil snap button. 11-620a - 1.50*

Back to school with a slim mechanical pencil of white mother-of-pearl plastic, with colorful insigne, shiny chrome trim. Lead supply inside. 11-760a - .50

For reading and 'riting days, choose a green, Stratford pen and pencil for smooth, dependable performance! Rolled gold bands and clips, iridium dipped pen point. Pencil has propel, repel, expel action, eraser, barrel for leads. 11-770a Set.....1.95
11-767a Pen, only.....1.00 11-769a Pencil, only.....1.00

Fine green felt headband flatters your pretty head, keeps hair-do neat and lovely for class! Charming orange and white scroll design. 1 1/2" wide. 11-647a - .20

Rayon headscarf in washable soft yellow, pale green or white, is a grand school pall 30" square, with fringed edges and green scroll design. 8-526a - 1.25

Perfect for gym, sports and school . . . dark green, English ribbed bobby socks are of sturdy, long wearing mercerized cotton. Sizes 8 1/2-11. 7-120a - .35



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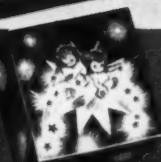


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